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Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

SUBWAY SULTANA

The Potentate Found the Lovely Marcella Underground and, by Proclamation, Has Elevated Her to a Rank Equal With His

COURAGEOUS, red-blond Lady Ibrahim, who used to be subway-riding Marcella Mendl, a New York art dealer's stenographer, will ascend a flight of far-off, perilous, marble steps this winter.

They are steps to the royal palace in the capital of the rich little Malay state of Johore.

As Lady Ibrahim, the Sultan's uncrowned wife, Marcella often climbed those steps—without tripping. But now she is the Sultana. So when she ascends them the next time, to receive her crown, the ascent will be fraught with peculiar hazards.

The only other European woman in Marcella's exalted position who went up those perilous steps walked into trouble.

It is seven years since Marcella, after a brief wooing, suddenly married the elderly, six-foot-tall, immensely wealthy Sultan of Johore.

Since then, she has been known as Lady Marcella Ibrahim.

Now an official edict alters her title. She has been proclaimed Sultana. With world-wandering Sultan Ibrahim, still robust at 73, she, at 32, will rule over a Malay state with 505,000 population and 7,600 square miles, rich in rubber and pepper.

She also will have something like the shadow of a razor-edged Malay kris at her heart. It will be the possibility that the people of Johore may reject her, as they did another European woman whom the Sultan wished to make his Sultana.

It also will be the possibility that, as with a predecessor, the Sultan may one day abruptly summon her and cry: "Talak!"

It was "Talak!" spoken by the Sultan which ended the tenure of his last European wife. He said it to her three times. It means, "Get out!" and if thrice spoken and not retracted within six months, it means divorce.

"Talak! Talak! Talak!" said the Sultan to that disillusioned wife. She had been the Scottish widow of Dr. William Wilson, the Sultan's doctor.

She had married the Sultan first at a registrar's office in London and later in a Moslem mosque in Woking.

From 1931 until 1938 she reigned and then when she was 47 and the Sultan's mind was upon another, European woman she heard him give her the "Talak!"

Along with it he gave her $250,000 in negotiable securities and $25,000 a year for life.

Marcella Mendl, the New York stenographer (one of her many occupations) did not step into Johore affairs just then. Between the Scottish Sultana's time and her time, the Sultan found an interlude.

The interlude really began before he divorced his Scottish wife, nine years ago. He and she had attended the Coronation of King George VI. They had felt at liberty to drop around at times to ordinary cabarets.

In Grosvenor House Cafe one night, the Sultan noticed a dancer and lifted a discreet finger for the head waiter.

Would the dancer, the laughing blonde dancer, join the Sultan and Sultana of Johore at their table?

The dancer, Lydia Cecily Hill, would be delighted.

From that moment, the Sultan's choice, of all women, was the dancing girl. He divorced his wife and took the dancer, Lydia, with her mother on a world cruise, even to Johore.

The Indians glowered at her. The cool British ignored her. She went down the marble steps, too, for the last time, and the Sultan took her back to London, shortly before the start of the second World War.

There he hung flawless jewels on her, moved her mother from a seaside bungalow to a Mayfair house of splendor, and when Lydia drove her $20,000 European car he had her signal directions with a hand that looked gloved in diamonds.

"What a sight!" some Londoners said, with adjectives of individual choosing, and then one day they were momentarily sorry for being so harsh; diamond-laden Lydia, while trying on a fur coat in a London shop, was killed by a German bomb.

After that, the time of Marcella Mendl began. A few days after the Sultan lost Lydia, while in London, he heard an air raid warning.

He ducked into a shelter, almost knocked Marcella down. She was then 25 years old. By the time the all clear sounded they were in love.

Born in Vienna, Marcella was brought up by her ambitious mother after the separation of her parents.

At 17, she was playing bridge in the fashionable Hotel Erzherzig Karl on Vienna's Kaertnerstrasse, and at 18 she began to go out with the city's gay young men.

From Vienna, during the war, she came to visit an uncle in New York, and for a short time she was his stenographer in a Fifth Avenue art shop. She didn't care for New York and went to London.

On duty in the air raid shelter she saw the Sultan come lumbering down the stairs and braced herself.

Within a month they walked into the registrar's office.

There, in the short, civil ceremony they were married, and after a honeymoon, they went to Johore. Through the war Marcella, as Lady Ibrahim, stayed steadfastly with the Sultan. The Japanese captured them. They lived in a hut. The end of the war gave them freedom again and Johore.

The Malayan people liked their Sultan better than ever before. They held Lady Ibrahim in new esteem. So the Sultan decided to run the risk of offending his populace and proclaimed her his Sultana.

"My husband must have meant it as a wonderful surprise," she said, and the distant marble steps lay ahead of her. As she climbs them, two questions will be in her mind:

"Will the people of Johore like me now, wearing a crown—and will the Sultan keep on loving me, now that I'm his Sultana?"

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

The Way Up and the Way Down the Marble Stairs to the Royal Palace Is Fraught With Hazards No Other European Woman in the Sultana's Position Has Successfully Overcome.

DUZ DEMAND TERRIFIC! MILLIONS HAIL "DOES EVERYTHING" SOAP!

No other leading washday soap is so TOUGH on dirt yet so SAFE for colors!

WOMEN everywhere are buying more Duz than ever before! Every day more women are discovering this famous soap that's made especially to do *everything* in the family wash!

No wash is too tough for Duz because no soap made beats Duz at getting out dirt! Put the grimiest overalls, the dirtiest work shirts in rich Duz suds and see how *clean* Duz does 'em! Put your dingiest sheets, your streakiest towels in Duz and see how *white* Duz does 'em! Why, there isn't a soap made that gets white things *whiter* than Duz!

Yet, with *all* this terrific cleaning power, Duz is *safer* for colored things —wash dresses, play clothes, rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

It's because of that almost unbelievable combination of cleaning power and safety for colors that Duz is still unmatched by any other leading washday soap. No wonder women everywhere are taking those big red boxes of Duz off grocers' shelves almost as fast as they get there! Once *you* try Duz, you'll see why.

DUZ does Everything IN THE FAMILY WASH!

YOUR HEAVY WASH!
No soap in the world can outdo DUZ at getting out dirt! DUZ gets even the grimiest overalls CLEAN!

YOUR WHITE WASH!
No soap in the world can outdo DUZ at getting white things WHITE—even the dingiest towels!

YOUR COLORED WASH!
DUZ is SAFER for colored things—even pretty rayon undies—than any other "big name" washday package soap you can buy!

MORE REAL SOAP SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY!

Ounce for ounce, Duz gives you more real soap suds—faster, longer-lasting suds in your washing machine—than any other leading granulated washday soap! And what clean, sweet-smelling, soapy suds they are! Richer, hard-working suds so you can do more loads of wash with Duz—even in hard water! *Fast* for dishes, too—yet *kind* to your hands!

THAT'S WHY DUZ DOES MORE!

Unhappy Home Life of the DEAD END KIDS

By William Engle

"DECREE GRANTED," said a judge in Los Angeles recently, and Hal Chester, third of the Dead End Kids to be divorced, stepped down, rejected by his blonde wife, Ethel Dell, and now once more legally single, and free.

When the tragic Dead End children in Sidney Kingsley's drama used to hoot and jeer along a stage-set wharf of New York's East Side, theatre audiences sometimes wondered what in real life the years would do to the boys who could make their sordid roles so appallingly realistic.

Their gutter idiom was an echo of countless young voices speaking from all the mean streets of the city's waterfront. Theirs was the frustration and defiance of all the others in the slums around them.

Their characterizations were so vivid that in time the words, "Dead End Kids," became a part of the American language, a generic phrase defining any child, anywhere, growing up in squalor and degradation and vain hope.

It is 12 years now since the play opened on Broadway. The boys who baked potatoes in a garbage can in the shadows of designer Norman Bel Geddes' stark warehouse and gas tanks are men. The audiences who wondered about them have their answer.

If they were to speak now in the manner of Kingsley's script, so phonetically faithful to the slang of the streets, they would be surly and raucous. Some of them, at least three, might say:

"We gettin' married and gettin' divorced. Wanna make sumpen out of it?"

They don't, however, speak that way. The taint of the dead end is off them, their diction is as good as any one's, and Hal Chester, in the third Dead End divorce, inadvertantly won unique distinction. Mrs. Chester, an actress, charged him with reading a book.

"He would go to our friends' homes and just sit and read a book," she informed the court. Then added: "If he did say anything, it was only to insult some one."

Sometimes, also, in the midst of mild frivolity, he would suddenly disappear, and Mrs. Chester held this against him.

"When we would go out some place," she said, "he would meet friends and leave me all alone. I wouldn't know any one and he wouldn't introduce me, except maybe on the way out."

The decree was granted to her, and it may have satisfied him, too, for she said he often told her he wished they had not been married. Anyway, the marriage was brief. The ceremony was performed in Las Vegas July 21, 1946, and they separated May 10, 1947.

His first marriage was the same. While on a personal appearance tour, he met Peggy Garrick, of Roundup, Montana, a student in an eastern boarding school. He was only 20 when they were married in 1940 in Biddeford, Maine, and not long afterward she divorced him.

Leo Gorcey, the wonderful spitter in the play, and naturally known to the gang as Spit, has had no better luck in marriage, although he's had only one wife.

At first, theirs seemed true love. In May, 1939, when he was 21 and Katherine Mavis, a drama student, was 17, they eloped in a plane from Los Angeles to Yuma, Arizona. Their marriage lasted five years.

Then Katherine, who had aspirations as a singer, went into a divorce court and told something that appeared to shock her. She described an incident in a North Hollywood night spot, where she was singing.

"My husband was in the audience," she said, "and when I was right in the middle of a request number he got up and walked out."

A year later, one day after her decree became final, she became the bride of the famous Groucho Marx.

Huntz Hall, the Dippy of the play, has been married and divorced, too, and his activities outside the theatre and off the Hollywood lot probably have made him the most widely known of the men who were boys when unforgettable Drina was a girl and Baby Face Martin was shot five times in the stomach, four in the chest and three in the head.

Of them all — the ones who wrangled on the wharf while life passed them by and a tramp steamer moaned—he was most authentically in character. He came up from the East Side. On the East Side he lost a front tooth and when he thinks of home he has in mind a plain house in East 23rd Street, shrill with the cries of boys at handball.

Since the Immortal Toughies Made Their Debut in the Famous Play, They Have Tackled Life Head On, Some Faring Worse Than Others

He knew the high-pitched lingo of the streets, from childhood at the curb. The play's harsh dialogue was only an extension of his neighborhood's small-talk. But he outgrew play and neighborhood, went on to Hollywood and married.

He was only 19 when he and Elsie Anderson, a Hollywood night club show girl, eloped in 1940 to Yuma. In 1944, Mrs. Hall was telling a judge:

"He has been very indifferent about our marriage. He hasn't seemed to care whether it lasted or not. He has often told me that he didn't love me."

The judge gave her a decree, and Hall was free, Hollywood his home and the whole country (since he had been in the movies) aware of his lean face and sharp eyes.

His name was at one time linked with that of the daughter of an old American family—the blue-blooded Liz Whitney, the former Mary Elizabeth Altemus, who received $3,000,000 from Jock Whitney when they were divorced.

She was 15 years older than Hall and although he was attentive two years ago, nothing seems to have come of it. More likely, his interests went back to his night club, Dead End, in San Francisco, and hers to the horses, the jumpers, she has always loved.

There, for any who have wondered about "Dead End's" influence upon its impressionable boys, is the record of the three most often in the news. They haven't ended making book in an east side bar nor have their names gone up on theatre marquees.

They have been struggling along in the acting profession and their marriages, like many marriages, have failed.

They have been groping for something out of life that is certain and lasting. They have done worse than some, better than others.

That was only a part they played, as boys, on the far-away, accursed wharf. They have outlived it.

They are in turn, now, bowed down or uplifted by the same complexities of living that confront the young tradesman or artisan on anybody's street, boulevard or dead end.

"He Got Up and Walked Out," Complained Katherine Mavis When Her Romance With Leo "Spit" Gorcey Ended in Court.

The 93-Year-Old Queen of American Society Pays Her Cook $25,000 a Year, Eats Off Royal Gold Plate and At One Time Owned 27 Motor Cars

DURABLE DOWAGER

Perhaps the Climax of Her Career Came When Mrs. Twombly Took the Duke of Windsor's Proffered Arm and Was Royally Escorted to the Imposing Stairway.

By Joan King Flynn

THE sleek English town car, enameled in Vanderbilt maroon and black and with the Vanderbilt lion's crest on the doors, turned out to pass a modest sedan, nicked a fender and careened into a telephone pole two miles out of Newport, R. I.

Out of the broken glass and twisted steel emerged a new designation for the uncrowned dowager queen of American society. Ninety-three-year-old Mrs. Hamilton McKown Twombly, the former Florence Adele Vanderbilt and the only surviving grandchild of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, could now be recognized as the most durable member of her gold-plated generation.

Her chauffeur and her footmen leaped out in their maroon and black uniforms and hastened to help their mistress. They were unhurt, but the mishap was far too rough for a little old lady who had been born before the Civil War. Both of Mrs. Twombly's knees were fractured and her face and chest were cut and bruised.

Demonstrating that she was made of stern stuff, the nonagenarian multimillionairess calmly directed her own rescue and, after she had been put to bed, announced just as calmly that she had every intention of recovering. As this is written, her worried physicians were willing to believe that sheer will-power would pull her through.

In the complicated genealogy of the Vanderbilt dynasty, Mrs. Twombly is the great-aunt of Gloria Vanderbilt DeCicco Stokowski; of the wandering journalist Cornelius Vanderbilt IV; of the racing enthusiast and sportsman, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, and of the errant playboy, Jakie Webb.

Her grandfather, the Staten Island ferry master who became a transportation king, left $95,000,000 and his son, William Henry, doubled it in eight years. Florence was one of eight children born to William Henry and his wife, the former Maria Louise Kissam, daughter of a Reformed Dutch minister.

In the Vanderbilt mansion at Manhattan's 38th St. and Fifth Ave., long since destroyed, she was married on Nov. 21, 1877, to Twombly, a Bostonian who made millions from an investment a decade and a half later in a German chemist's invention which liquefied sulphur at the mines.

The bride wore a pair of $120 lace stockings and the most costly wedding gown that the city had ever seen.

Gifts from her wealthy relatives included diamond necklaces and bracelets, the sort of baubles that, despite her quiet ways, she has always favored. She was one of the first women ever to wear a diamond dog collar to the opera. One of her rare photographs, taken in 1883, now hangs in the New York Historical Society's museum. Her husband died in 1910.

It was ironic that Mrs. Twombly should have encountered such misfortune in a motorcar, although perhaps it was justified by the laws of chance. High-powered automobiles had always been her hobby.

At one time she was reputed to have 27 cars of foreign and American make stored in the garages of her three homes—her residence from October to May, a massive brick 70-room mansion at Fifth Ave. and 71st St. in Manhattan; "Vinland," her summer place at Newport, and her 500-acre model farm, "Florham," in Convent, N. J.

"Florham," a title coined by combining the first syllables of her husband's first name and her own, has its own siding for the private railway car once used to transport her guests. She celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a distinguished party a year ago.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, her niece by marriage, is the recognized czarina of New York society, yet has never achieved the social niche rightfully inherited by Mrs. Twombly. "Aunt Florence" never bothered to assert her rights, but an invitation to a Twombly affair is a passport to that uncrowded island which floats in society's stratosphere.

Her parties are convivial with a dignified gaiety. Champagne flows, but doesn't slop. The tables are set with the finest Georgian silver and gold service, originally given by the City of London as a gift to the Duke of Albany, a son of Queen Victoria.

With the advent of war, these functions were limited to luncheons. The ball for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the Newport estate was the first of its kind since the beginning of hostilities.

On that occasion, the hostess, wearing a fortune in precious stones, didn't stay downstairs very long after the dancing started.

She stayed just about long enough, in fact, to decline a request to dance with England's former king, but she continued to chat with him and his Duchess as the guests floated by in the first waltz.

Fifteen minutes later she arose. The Duke offered his arm. His Duchess accompanied the couple to the stairway, then stood aside as her husband escorted his hostess up the winding stairs and bade her good-night at the top.

It takes an office near Wall Street to look after Mrs. Twombly's wealth, which is variously estimated at from $20,000,000 up. Her annual payroll runs into a quarter of a million. Her French chef, Joseph Donon, receives $25,000 a year and has his own house.

The butlers earn around $5,000 annually. Florham alone has more than 100 employes to maintain the model farm and the greenhouse in which are grown the orchids that adorn the Twombly dinner tables.

Two of the Twombly children, Alice and Hamilton, died in their teens. The other two, who took up an alternating vigil at their mother's bedside as soon as she was brought home after the accident, are Mrs. William A. M. Burden of New York and Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, who has lived the same stately, secluded life as her mother.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Luck of GEORGE

By George White

THE New York critics didn't like the first George White Scandals, 1919 edition, as it opened at the Liberty Theatre, and I, the young producer, was hurt and bewildered.

Jimmy Walker, the late mayor of New York, cheered me up, as he cheered countless others.

"Maybe the customers want to laugh more, George," he said. "We've just come through a World War and they want to forget some things."

He was right, of course. He knew stage business. Years later, I produced a show called "Manhattan Mary." One scene called for Ona Munson, on a world tour, to be welcomed to New York by a stage mayor.

Opening night, Jimmy Walker climbed over the footlights, welcomed Ona to his city with a speech better than the script—and stopped the show.

Well, I decided, if they wanted laughs as suggested by Jimmy, they'd get them. George White, producer, became George White, gagwriter. I dusted off the joke books and went to work.

I got Moran & Mack, great blackface come-

On the Opening Night Mayor Jimmy Walker Climbed Over the Footlights, Welcomed Ona to His City With a Speech Better Than the Script—and Stopped the Show.

WHITE

dians, to deliver the laugh lines, or most of them.

It worked like a pulmotor and saved the Scandals, which was to become a national institution. At the end of the first week the S. R. O. sign was up at the Liberty Theatre.

Broadway was saying, again:

"George White was always lucky."

The first Scandals ran for a year.

Meantime, I was planning for the second edition of the Scandals; and this time I was lucky.

A young fellow who had played the piano for me during rehearsals told me he would like to do the musical score for the 1920 show.

He didn't have a Broadway "name" but he had talent and ideas, and I was young enough to take a chance. He wrote the music.

GEORGE GERSHWIN was his name and he worked as hard on the Scandals of 1920 as he did later on his immortal "Rhapsody in Blue."

Another youngster, Buddy De Sylva, wrote the lyrics and then went on to become a Broadway notable and one of Hollywood's top producers.

With that running start, the second edition of my show was a sell-out from the opening night and I had time to take a deep breath, and start counting some of the money that was rolling in.

What did I do with it?

Well, I was still the George White who had saved a tidy little fortune in Paris, and dropped it in a crap game the first day back in New York. Except now I graduated to horses.

Gambling, as I confessed earlier, was my great weakness, and I was in a position to indulge it. I won a lot and lost a lot at Belmont and Jamaica.

One day a friend, Sam Lewis, well known trainer, told me he had a chance to buy a broken down stake horse named War Marvel in a $1,500 claiming race.

He was sure he could get the horse in shape.

"Buy him, George," he said. "And I'll train him for you. We'll make nothing but money."

I didn't want to own a horse, but I gave Sam the $1,500 and forgot about it. Four months later he looked me up at Jamaica.

"George, I'm going to give you back that $1,500 today," he said. "War Marvel is ready."

War Marvel was the longest shot on the board and I bet a bankroll on him—$20,000 all told, but he was still 15 to 1 at post time.

Lewis stood beside me as the race was run.

Down the backstretch, around the turn heading for home, War Marvel was buried in the pack of also rans, far behind the leaders. At the eighth pole he was still back there, chugging along.

I gave Lewis a glare, a $20,000 glare, but he just kept repeating:

"He'll make it."

A furlong from the wire War Marvel started running over horses. He won by open daylight, going away. I won $300,000.

That should have been my last bet, but I was ambitious. I had the fever and set out to win all the money at the tracks.

The biggest bet I ever made was in a steeplechase at Belmont. Smart men hesitate before buying a $2 ticket on a jumper, but I didn't know that at the time, and didn't care.

I bet $100,000 on a horse called Fari Mac. He never faltered after taking the lead and he won by a city block.

I felt fine—until the inquiry sign went up.

It turned out my horse had been disqualified because he missed one of the markers on the course. Somebody said later the race had been fixed. I wouldn't know.

There was another time "Lucky" White got the works at the track.

Exterminator, one of the turf's greatest horses, was running that day and, at 8 to 5, he looked like money in the bank with usurer's interest.

I bet $50,000 on him to win.

Exterminator, or "Old Bones," was on the rail. That was before horses had the protection of the starting gate; they started running ahead, and into one another when the barrier went up.

Just as the barrier was sprung, an animal named Mad Hatter lunged over and kicked Exterminator, crippling a hind leg. "Old Bones," with George White his jockey by proxy, tried, but he ran last.

EVEN with these setbacks, I was $200,000 ahead of the races at one time and my favorite bookie gave me a heart to heart talk. He said:

"George, don't you know you can't beat this racket? Why don't you quit, and put that money in the old sock?"

I laughed and shook my head. My show was coining money and I liked to bet with it. The bookie sighed:

"Well, then, promise me one thing, George?"

"What's that?"

"If you won't quit, do your betting with me."

I promised, and the bookie did all right. He got my $200,000 and as much more as a result of that promise.

Meantime, George Gershwin and Buddy De Sylva were turning out hit tunes every year for the Scandals and new stars were getting the full treatment of buildup and glamour.

When it was time to cast the fourth Scandals I remembered a juggler who had done the vaudeville circuits when I did. He was a good juggler, but he was funny no matter what he was doing.

That's how W. C. Fields became a comedy hit in George White's Scandals. He too went on to Hollywood and sent millions of movie goers into hysterics before his death a while ago.

Then there was a girl I heard singing in Billy Rose's first night club.

She was beautiful, she had personality plus, and she had a voice that enchanted the listener. I signed her up for the Scandals but we both made a startling discovery at the first rehearsal. Her voice was too "little!"

It was all right in the close confines of a night club but in a big theatre it just didn't carry. That was when radio and microphones and amplifiers were comparatively unknown, but we tried out the microphone idea.

The transmitter had to be concealed, I figured, and the only place to conceal one satisfactorily was on top of a piano.

So we put the "mike" and Helen Morgan up on a piano and she sang herself to fame with "My Bill," and "The Man I Love" among others. There was nobody to take her place on any piano top when she died in Chicago a few years ago.

Came 1925 and after a disastrous fling at the races, I discovered I was broke—empty as to pockets. The word got around in a hurry, and a big man in the Keith office offered me a season in vaudeville at $3,500 a week, a tempting figure.

"You've been lucky," he said. "But it looks like your luck has changed."

I resented all that "lucky" talk and I balked at the idea of working for somebody else again. All I needed, I decided, was money to stage another Scandals.

AL JOLSON loaned me $25,000. Max Dreyfuss, president of the T. B. Harms music publishing company, advanced $10,000, and later a $25,000 automobile.

The cast included Winnie Lightner, Frances Williams, Harry Richman, Willie and Eugene Howard.

One day at dress rehearsal, Dreyfuss dropped in to see what was being done with his $10,000. He looked and listened, and said:

"It looks like there might be one song hit in the show."

"One?" I yelled. "There's at least three hits."

He shook his head and I told him about the imported custom built automobile complete with built-in bar I had seen in a show window.

I bet him that car, priced at $25,000, the Scandals of 1926 would have at least three song hits, meaning each would sell more than 500,000 copies of sheet music.

The show had not three, but five hits! They were "This Is My Lucky Day," "Rhapsody in Blue," "The Black Bottom," "The Birth of the Blues," and "The Girl Is Me, the Boy Is You."

Dreyfuss was glad to pay off with the car. I had given him the publishing rights in return for his financial aid.

Along with the Scandals I produced "Running Wild," that made the nation conscious of "The Charleston," and then "Flying High."

This latter was a flop in the Boston tryout. We worked day and night revising it and Joseph Urban created some new scenery, but it still didn't seem right. Some of my friends urged me to get rid of a featured singer. I refused because I thought she was good.

And when the new show opened in New York it was a hit. And its singing star was a sensation when she gave out with "Thank Your Father, Thank Your Mother," and "Without Love."

The name of the new star? Kate Smith.

Another George White production, "Manhattan Mary," was a flop on the road tryout but a hit in New York after revision.

George White was sitting on top of the world, with a triple A rating in Dun & Bradstreet (I'd quit trying to beat the horses with $1,000 bills), a pile of stocks and bonds—and no woman trouble.

OF COURSE, I was reported "engaged" to Ann Pennington and Lois Andrews, who later married George Jessel, but enterprising press agents did the "proposing" and accepting.

I was heartwhole and fancy-free.

Then, on that Black Friday of 1929, somebody pulled the rug from under me and many others. My stocks and bonds, like so many horses I'd bet on, "ran out" on me. Real estate investments did likewise.

George White was flat again.

The Scandals went to Hollywood, before the movie cameras, but they weren't happy there, and neither was I.

The lush days were gone, for a while at least, but I was still my own boss. And The Scandals of 1931 were as good as any edition, with Rudy Vallee, Ethel Merman, Alice Faye and Ray Bolger topping the cast, but I got more publicity than money on Broadway.

The columnists had me slugging Lois Andrews, Rudy Vallee and Lew Brown, among others, but the one thing I remember distinctly is that Lois "hung a shiner" on me.

And I remember, just as distinctly, opening a night club called "The Gay White Way." And closing it and saying good-by to my last grubstake, some $250,000.

"Lucky" White went west—and the friend's automobile he was driving killed two people near San Diego and I served eight months in jail and on the county farm as a result.

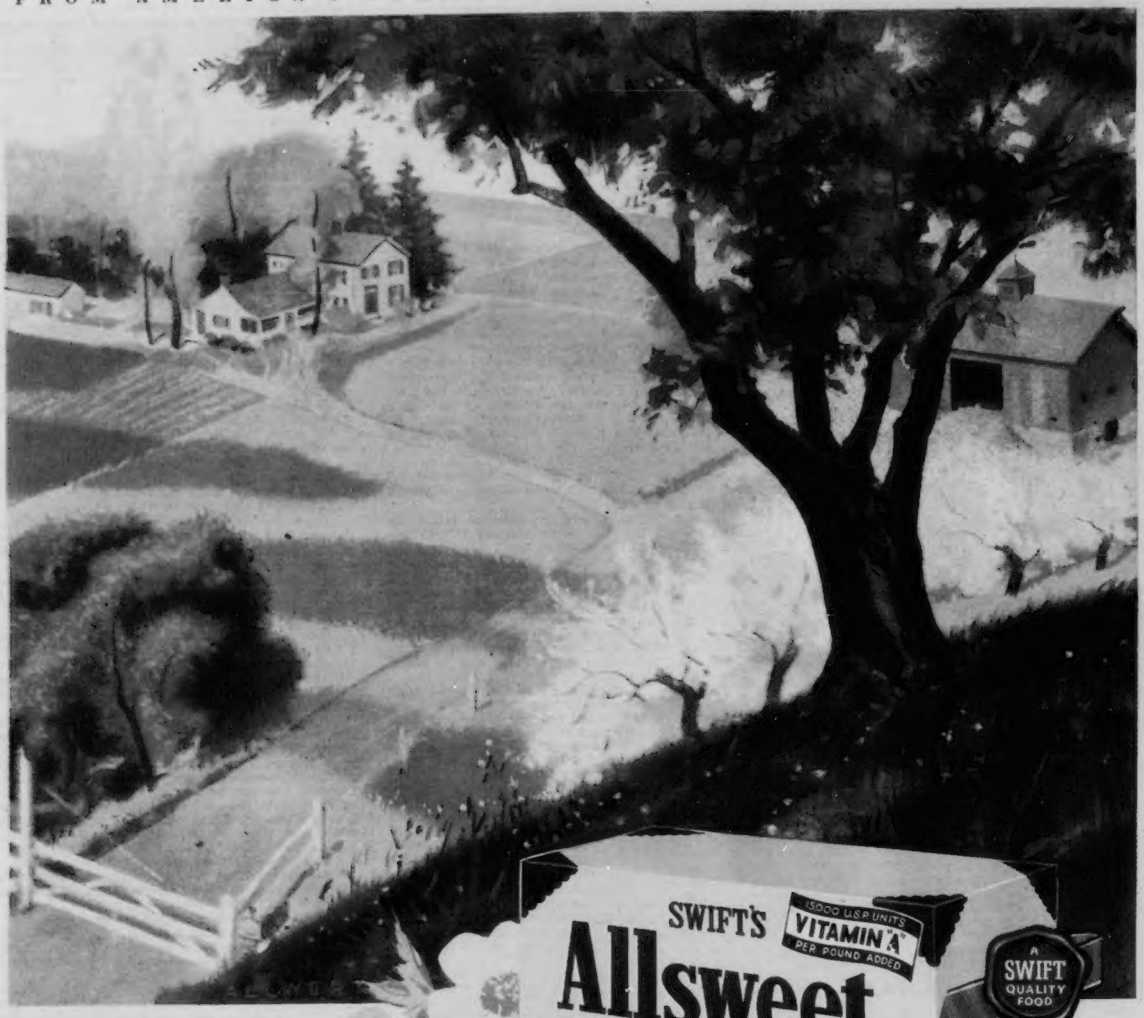
The stay on the farm did it, brought back the health and vigor of the "Swifty" White of Bowery dancing days. When I left the farm and the sheep I had been tending, a free man last May, I took a big, long look eastward.

That's where Broadway was, and is. That's where people will applaud pretty girls in gorgeous costumes against gorgeous backgrounds. And that's where I hope to wind up, thinner, healthier and, I hope, richer. I want to hear the Broadway sidewalk brigade chorus once again:

"George White was always lucky!"

★ ★ ★ Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO ★ ★ ★

FROM AMERICA'S FARMLANDS . . . . FOR US ALL TO ENJOY



Delicate natural flavor...

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SWEETHEART of the C. & E. I.

The Little Girl's Love for Railroading Wrought a Pattern of Events That Brought Her Health and Happiness.

By Wesley Hartzell

WHEN Mabel Dickson first started to wave at the engineers on the long freight trains that rumbled past her Chicago home, she was unwittingly changing the pattern of her life.

Just a grin and a friendly flip of the hand, little enough from a buoyant schoolgirl who had always been fascinated by railroading, but, as it turned out, sufficient to make the difference between happiness and a lifetime of dreary inactivity.

Mabel's father died 12 years ago, when she was 9 years old. Her mother went to work but found it difficult to earn enough to support Mabel and a younger brother, so the family moved into the home of a grandmother on Chicago's south side. The house faced the tracks of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad.

Every afternoon, on the way home from school, Mabel paused outside the front door to wait for the freight that rolled by promptly at 3:30 P. M. She waved cheerily and the crew waved back. After a while they became as familiar as old friends, the gray-haired engineer, the conductor back in the caboose, the brakeman who threw her pieces of the chalk they used to number cars.

The impromptu rendezvous went on for months, and then one day the little girl with the big smile was missing. The train crew watched for her several weeks and finally decided that she must have moved. But the grin and the wave returned, as unexpectedly as they had vanished. This time they came from a blanket-wrapped bundle lying on a cot on the front porch, and the trainmen realized why they had been gone so long.

As weeks grew into months, and the daily greeting still came from the porch, it was increasingly obvious to the train crew that the illness of their young friend was not trifling. Early one evening an elderly man with an armful of flowers knocked at the front door. To Mabel's grandmother he explained:

"My name is Garry, Louis Garry. I'm the engineer of a train that goes by here and . . ."

"Oh, let him in, Granny," interrupted an excited voice from inside. "I know him. That's Mr. Three-Thirty himself."

The engineer awkwardly handed his flowers to the girl he found lying in bed and told her that he and the rest of the crew hoped they would soon see her out beside the tracks again when their train went by.

"I'm afraid that will never happen," the grandmother said sadly. "Mabel has had an attack of rheumatic fever and it's weakened her heart and the doctor doesn't think she can ever get around again like other girls. About the only pleasure she has now is being out on the porch and watching the trains."

"We'll see that she has more company than that," Garry said.

He kept his promise. He brought his family to call on Mabel and other members of the train crew and finally his friend, T. H. Kelch, assistant general passenger agent of the C. & E. I. Kelch told other officials and then they realized that even a railroad has a heart.

Garry was delegated to inform his protegee that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois had arranged to send her to a sanitarium and provide the finest medical care in the hope that she could be cured.

In the sanitarium Mabel was kept so busy with visitors that she hardly had time to think about herself. Playmates and trainmen and high officials of the company dropped in regularly to see her. She became known as The Sweetheart of the Railroad and her plight attracted nationwide attention.

Mabel left the sanitarium in a little less than a year. Doctors told her that if she didn't over-exercise, her heart probably wouldn't bother her again. She went back to the house by the side of the tracks and waved more gaily than ever to the trains.

When her mother married again and moved the family to another part of the city, Mabel felt as if she were deserting a friend and benefactor.

"I won't go," she said, "unless you let me come back here once in a while and sit by the tracks."

Her mother promised, but when Mabel entered high school there was no time for such nostalgic visits. She didn't forget the C. & E. I., however.

A few days after her graduation two years ago she walked into the railroad's office and applied for a job. The personnel director didn't recognize her name and Mabel didn't tell him who she was, but he hired her.

Her anonymity remained intact for only two months. Then Kelch, a vice-president by that time, passed by her desk and stopped and stared.

"Aren't you. . ." he began. "Didn't we . . ."

"Yes," she said. "I'm Mabel Dickson. I just couldn't stay away."

Everybody gathered around to hear the story and to form a new impression of the shy young woman who had kept so much to herself. Almost overnight Mabel found herself in a round of social activities, in the course of which she met Carl Imhoff, a contracting engineer.

For quite a while Mabel wasn't sure she could love him because he wasn't a railroad man, but he finally convinced her. They were married the other day at a ceremony saddened only by the absence of Engineer Garry, who had died.

Mabel's only other worry is the fact that her new apartment in Cleveland isn't anywhere near a railroad.

"I find myself looking up at the clock promptly at half-past three every afternoon," she says. "I won't forget what a load of happiness a passing freight train brought me."

Every Afternoon Mabel Would Pause for a Rendezvous With the Freight Train. She Would Wave Cheerily, and the Crew Waved Back.

Illustrated by REYNOLD BROWN

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FLORENCE WALTON'S *Secret* BRIDEGROOM

It Took Her Husband Nine Years to Assume His Rightful Place Beside the Famous Queen of the Ballroom

Maurice, With Magnificent Boredom, Scanned the Lines of Ziegfeld Beauties and Then Picked Florence As One of His Two Dancing Partners.

By Warren Hall

FLORENCE WALTON, once the world's premiere danseuse, who was feted recently as a newlywed when she appeared at the opening of New York's Belmont racetrack, with a "bridegroom" who had been her husband for nine years, has been married five times to four men and is now convinced that she found the right one at last.

He is Howard Phillips, a radio producer.

For all her 56 years, the onetime queen of the ballroom is in many respects as attractive today as she was during the first World War, when she floated over the floor with the great Maurice Mouvet, and probably far wiser than she was in 1913, when she entered into a perplexing "father and daughter" relationship with elderly Frederick H. Prince Sr., multimillionaire Boston banker.

Maurice, when he chose Florence for a partner, had just introduced the tango and maxixe, and was the undisputed peer of ballroom dancers. His method of selection was logical but unusual. It was in 1911, and his partner of the moment, Madelaine d'Arvillo, had left him. Maurice persuaded Florenz Ziegfeld to line up the chorus of the Follies and then, with the critical eye of a front-row habitue and the bored air of a connoisseur, he proceeded to take his pick of the most advertised beauties in the world.

Believing apparently that there was safety in numbers, he gave the nod to two, Joan Sawyer and Florence. Joan was his dancing partner only a short time but Florence married him and became the most famous of all his partners. After conquering America, they toured Europe, appeared at royal command performances and received jewels from King George and Queen Mary of England.

The nine-year alliance ended in a divorce in 1920 and Florence became the dancing partner—and wife—of Leon Leitrim, said to be the son of a Russian Count Karakowski. Another successful decade followed before they were divorced in Paris in 1931. After a fling at the Paris music halls, Florence opened a hat shop on the Rue St. Florentin next to Patou, the dressmaker.

It struggled along until 1933, when Pierre Columbier, a French motion picture magnate, decided that Florence was far more chic than any of her chapeaux. He asked her to marry him and she did—at Lardy, near Paris, with Prince Luise Ferdinand d'Orleans-Bourbon, cousin of King Alfonso of Spain, and his wife as witnesses.

Something else happened in 1933, a little business deal that didn't become public until Florence brought suit in the United States three years later against banker Prince as an outgrowth of that "father and daughter" relationship which she said had started in 1913 when she was 22.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

Part of that agreement, she said, was that Prince, who was also a financier and railroad magnate, was to direct her financial affairs in such a way that she would take her profits but he would make good her losses. After two decades and a couple of husbands, Florence discovered that her losses were considerable and, according to the suit, called on Prince at a Paris hotel in 1933 and asked him to keep his bargain.

He countered, she said, with an offer to pay her $100,000 for exclusive rights to an autobiography she had told him she might write. But later, Florence declared, he reneged. His comment at the time was said to have been:

"I'm not in the publishing business. Why should I agree to pay for the story of an actress' life ten times as much as it could possibly be worth?"

Just what effect his refusal may have had on Florence's decision three months later to marry Columbier was not made clear, but she had already divorced the movie tycoon by the time she filed her suit, which never did seem to get any place.

It was about that time, one evening at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, that she met handsome Howard Phillips, a Yale graduate and music critic. Their mutual interest in music drew them together and they were married in Paris in 1938 by the city's mayor.

Florence's divorce from Columbier had been obtained in the United States and its legality in France was open to question, so she filed another divorce suit there. Before it was brought to trial, however, the war came and she and Howard returned to New York.

He acquired an interest in radio and became a producer. The still glamorous Florence was content to be a housewife.

That bit of unfinished business in Paris bothered her, and late in 1946 she crossed the Atlantic to put in the personal appearance that the French courts demand in divorce cases.

The trial was delayed when Columbier broke a leg at Chamonix, a French sports resort, but he said he was sure it could all be settled "amiably". It was, and the decree was granted at the end of the year.

Phillips had planned to join his wife as soon as the French officially untied the knot to her third husband, but he was delayed until last summer. They were married again on September 1, this time in a Paris church and Florence was happy.

Somehow, nobody seemed to remember her first marriage to Howard, and when they appeared at the Turf and Field Cafe at the Belmont opening, champagne and congratulations were poured out in almost equal proportions. When the word got around, feminine race fans stampeded to the cafe to take a peek at Florence, who has always been noted for her original attire.

She doffed a purple raincoat to reveal a brown tweed skirt with purple trim, a bolero jacket of purple silk, elbow length purple gloves, purple stockings, and knee-high brown boots.

"You look lovely," exclaimed one of her admirers. "Oh, isn't this all so romantic!"

Florence agreed that it was.

GOOD NEWS for DIABETICS

Early Treatment, Diet Therapy, and Special Insulin Mixtures Help Attack This Baffling Disease

By G. B. Lal

A MILLION Americans are victims of diabetes, a disease for which medical science has yet to find a positive cure. But recent researches offer new hope for a more effective attack on this common and serious malady.

These studies indicate (1) that a wider knowledge of the symptoms of the disease by doctors and periodic examination of adults and children by the family doctor would forestall many cases; (2) that some diabetics can be practically cured if treated early enough; (3) that certain vitamins in the diet help the body control sugar and (4) that special mixtures of insulin help some patients live more normal lives.

Treatment with insulin has kept alive many diabetics who would have died long ago without this hormonal drug. But insulin only partially controls the disabling and fatal effects of the disease.

One fact, recently brought to light, is that animals with experimentally-produced diabetes can sometimes be fully cured. In these cases the disease is caused by the increasing degeneration of those tissues of the pancreas gland which produce insulin within the healthy body. But the process of degeneration, and insulin shortage, can be completely checked and reversed, if insulin injections are given while the failing gland has the vitality to heal itself.

Dr. Hugh L. C. Wilkerson, a surgeon in the U. S. Public Health Service, Dr. S. Warren, of Boston, and other investigators, say that if proper insulin treatment were begun early enough in young diabetics (whose pancreas is likely to possess high recuperative energy), practically complete cure of diabetes might result. Two cases, reported by Dr. M. Darnand, of Paris, lend support to this optimistic view.

One of Dr. Darnand's patients was a 12-year-old boy with very serious symptoms; insulin and special diet therapy cured him fully in a few weeks. Similarly, a 17-year-old youth was cured in a few months. But in 410 other patients, children and adults, no such "miracle" was observed.

The hope of "miracles" would be higher if, in both children and adults, diagnosis of the disease could be made while the pancreas gland still retains the ability to grow healthy, insulin-producing cells, again, under proper treatment.

Diabetic children, in special camps, are taught to measure their own foodstuffs, prescribed by the physician, and to give themselves regular insulin injections.

Periodic examination, including "sugar tests" for diabetes, by the family doctor, is the best way to forestall attacks of diabetes. Mothers should take their children to the physician for examination if any of the following are evident: (1) excessive thirst, (2) excessive and frequent kidney fluid discharge, (3) loss of weight and weakness, in spite of tendency to eat heavily and frequently. Less marked symptoms of the disease include dryness and itching of the skin, headaches, giddiness, pains, numbness and tingling, irritability, dropsy.

Conditions which aggravate—and tend to bring on—an attack of diabetes, are obesity, emotional stress, glandular disorders, pregnancy, severe infections, injury and brain tumor. Dr. Herbert C. Miller, of Yale, has found that women who give birth to babies weighing 10 pounds or more are especially liable to diabetes.

It has been known for centuries that in "diabetes mellitus" (di-ah-ehtez me-lee-toos), the outstanding symptom is the failure of the body to utilize its sugar properly. Instead of being used as the body's chief fuel, providing warmth and energy to muscle, nerve and other tissues, sugar gets piled up in the wrong place—in the blood stream and the kidneys—and is eliminated and wasted, which makes the diabetic increasingly weak.

In a limited sense it can be said that in diabetes there is too much sugar because of lack of insulin, or its ineffectiveness, within the body. Insulin is a hormone produced by the pancreas gland. It enables the body to use its sugar properly. What causes its shortage of ineffectiveness?

Dr. George Thosteson, of the Harper Hospital, Detroit, says that diabetes really is a group of ailments, which involves imbalance of glands, diet, liver and other factors. The part which diet plays is very important, but is only partially understood. Eating too much sugar, of course, can exhaust and destroy the pancreas gland, and cause insulin shortage. It is now known that certain vitamins greatly help in the management of sugar when these vitamins are used with insulin.

Dr. O. H. Gaebler and J. C. Mathies of Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, have found that diabetes is better controlled in animals when the vitamins B-1, riboflavin, nicotinic acid, pantothenic acid and vitamin B-6 (pyridoxine) were added to their diet. These are all B complex vitamins of which the best sources are liver, yeast, milk, rice bran, whole wheat and wheat germ.

Nicotinic acid, which is used to prevent and cure pellagra, prevented diabetes in rabbits, when the disease was due to feeding a chemical called "alloxan" (al-ok-zan), Dr. S. Banerjee of Calcutta reports in "Science."

The experiments of Prof. Agnes Fay Morgan, at the University of California, show that riboflavin and vitamin C (present in orange juice) decrease the disorders of "carbohydrate" (sugar) management of the body, under glandular troubles.

Dr. Henry Dolger, of Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, has kept many children and adult diabetics going by giving them special mixtures of insulin (which acts quickly), protamine zinc insulin (slow acting) and insulin globin, which is intermediate in its action. He has allowed the patients to eat practically what the normal members of the family eat.

But, as this physician points out, the present insulin and dietary treatments can only prolong the patients' lives, partially "controlling" diabetes, without rendering permanent cure. Many diabetics in their 20s and 30s suffer from hardening of arteries.

The new researches may show the way to the prevention and cure of a disease, which has baffled doctors and taken the lives of thousands.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

It's So Easy for Young Diabetics to Help Themselves. The First Step, Under Mother's Guidance, Is to Teach Them to Measure Their Own Diets.

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Elizabeth Vining AND THE NEXT EMPEROR

By Earl Selby

Mrs. Vining and the Crown Prince Akihito in a Classroom of the Peers' School at Koganei.

MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY VINING, a quiet-spoken Philadelphia Quaker-lady, has a date with destiny.

As the American tutor to Japan's Crown Prince Akihito she is waiting for the day when he will ask: "Mrs. Vining, what is democracy?"

She will be ready to answer, in the words of William Penn:

"That country is free where the law rules and the people are party to the laws."

Once the tall Akihito understands this, she feels, the future ruler of 78,000,000 Japanese will have fulfilled her dream for him—to have respect for the dignity of everyone, be he emperor or peasant.

Already, says Mrs. Vining, after nine months of teaching Akihito—and thus being the most important American woman in Japan because of the influence she will have on him—there are signs of the Prince's acceptance of democracy. As simple a thing as ping-pong helps to prove her point.

At the peers' school — once the training ground for war-lords, now intended to produce liberal, peace-loving leaders — there are three table tennis sets. Does the prince get first crack at playing?

Not at all.

"He waits his turn," says Mrs. Vining, "like all the rest. And he waits cheerfully, running between the tables, picking up balls and talking and cheering, the same as his fellow-students do."

Mrs. Vining, author of children's books and widow of a professor killed in an auto accident in 1933, returned home this fall for a short visit before starting her second year in the imperial household.

She is full of praise for General Douglas MacArthur's occupation, mainly because of its aim in democratizing the younger generation.

"Because of the firm and wise education policies of the occupation," she says, "Japanese children can look forward to a more liberal and more democratic education than they have ever known.

"The number of years of compulsory free education has been increased from six to nine. The old textbooks have been called in and new ones written by Japanese educators and approved by occupation authorities.

"Equal opportunities are provided for girls and boys. For the first time there will be four-year colleges for women.

"Freedom of religion is assured by the new education law and military training is banned. The study of community civics has been substituted for the old study of morals which included much nationalistic propaganda."

Will all this help to reform the Japanese? Mrs. Vining hopes so—really, more than hopes. She's convinced that education is our one big chance to develop a peaceful Japan.

The "palace guard" in Tokyo was caught by surprise when Hirohito asked occupation authorities for a "mature, Christian woman" to tutor the crown prince. Mrs. Vining says it "may be possible" that the Emperor finally chose her because "just as the Japanese world had collapsed —so had mine when my husband was killed."

This may have helped her understand the Japanese; at any rate she says the palace guard never showed hostility to her.

When she arrived in Yokohama, for instance, two automobile loads of officials waited in the rain all afternoon to meet her on the dock.

Her first-year salary of $2,000 has been increased upon orders from high.

She has her own nine-room house, her own car.

The royal family sent her on a two-week tour of the "old Japan, the places untouched by war, so I could know the beauty of the land." In all her relationships with the imperial household, she says, "I have met with great kindness, consideration and courtesy."

Because of the Influence She May Have on Her Imperial Pupil, the Quiet Quaker Teacher Is the Most Important American Woman in Japan

Her latest pupil — the Empress Nagano — is further proof of their regard for her.

Starting from scratch, the empress easily got the hang of English. "Now she carries on quite a conversation," smiles Mrs. Vining.

The crown prince—"don't call him chubby," says his tutor, "he's just sturdier and taller than the other boys in his class"—is rated by her as one of the best students among the 130 Japanese boys and girls that she teaches in the Peers' and Peeresses' Schools.

She says of Akihito:

"He's honest. He does his own thinking. I believe he has real possibilities for growth and development. I want him to be able to live up to his capacities—to have the right kind of convictions and the courage to stand up for them."

"He's just a real boy."

Most important, Akihito is not the prisoner of the war-lords, as his father was before him. But nevertheless she is educating him "as a ruler" and by ruler Mrs. Vining means an emperor who does not think himself Divine, but instead is willing to have his subjects participate in this government along with him when the time comes.

This is a big job to accomplish in three one-hour sessions a week, plus the little "tea-parties" that she gives for the prince and his brother and sisters. It means getting—and keeping—Akihito's interest in her, both as a person and as a teacher.

She started getting this interest through sports — a shrewd move, because Akihito knew as well as everyone else that never before had a woman taught a crown prince.

Drawing a picture of a tennis court, she taught him phrases such as "What's the score?" and "Serve 'em up," and "Ready."

Now she teaches Akihito everything in English. She doesn't want him to think only in Japanese.

Games are part of their work—for instance, the old one of using a world map and following imaginary ships from port to port, unloading cargoes and picking up new ones.

Mrs. Vining finds no self-pity or complaints among the Japanese pupils, the prince included.

To her this is the most exciting thing in her life, and it's an especial thrill when she reads a paper from an eighth-grade student:

"Today is election day, the hope and promise of the future of Japan."

Merry Christmas to You from Ann Pillsbury

HAPPY EATING!

As her way of extending the season's greetings to you, Ann Pillsbury offers this tempting trio of ideas for holiday foods. This luscious new version of a traditional Christmas pudding is easily made with Ann's proved recipe and your trusty, satin-smooth Pillsbury's Best, which gives it just the right consistency for happy eating. Make it days beforehand if you wish, for its flavor ripens with keeping. Doesn't this recipe tempt you?

Ann Pillsbury's STEAMED HOLIDAY PUDDING

Steam for 1½ hours. Serves 8 to 10

Sift together
- 1½ cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
- 3 teaspoons double-acting **baking powder**
- ½ teaspoon **salt**
- 1 teaspoon **cinnamon**
- 1 teaspoon **allspice**
- ¼ teaspoon **cloves**

Add
- ½ cup ground **suet**
- ½ cup chopped **nut meats**
- ½ cup **raisins**
- ½ cup chopped **dates**

Mix until well-blended.

Combine
- 1 cup firmly packed **brown sugar**
- ½ cup **fruit juice**
- 1 **egg**, well beaten

Add liquid to dry ingredients; mix well.

Pour batter into greased, floured, 1-quart mold or round cans. Cover tightly.

Place mold on rack in steamer, covered roasting pan or kettle. Add boiling water to half the depth of mold; cover. Keep water at boiling point, add more if necessary

Steam for 1½ hours. Let stand a few minutes before unmolding. Serve warm with **Hard Sauce, Foamy Sauce**, or a blended Fruit Sauce.

NO KNEADING!

Happy the holiday meal that's dressed up with these cranberry-brightened, taste-delighting rolls. Happy *you* when you find how easily they're made with Ann Pillsbury's time-saving, No-Knead baking method and the faster Pillsbury's Best for modern baking. Here's how:

Ann Pillsbury's NO-KNEAD CRANBERRY ROLLS

Bake at 350° F. for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 18 medium rolls.

Combine
- ½ cup scalded **milk**
- 3 tablespoons **shortening**
- 3 tablespoons **sugar**
- 1½ teaspoons **salt**

Cool to lukewarm by adding ½ cup **water.**

Add
- 1 cake **yeast** or 1 package fast-dry granular yeast, mix well.

Blend in
- 1 **egg**

Add
- 3 cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**; mix until dough is well-blended and soft.

Roll out dough on well-floured board to 12x18-inch rectangle.

Spread ¾ cup **cranberry-orange marmalade** over dough.

Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 1-inch slices and place cut side down in greased, 12x8x2-inch pan or greased muffin pans.

Let rise in warm place (80° to 85° F.) until double in bulk, about 1 hour

Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

RICH DELICACY!

Never was this traditional, melt-in-your-mouth type of Christmas cookie more delicious than when made according to this choice Ann Pillsbury recipe. Pillsbury's Best cooperates with the powdered sugar and shortening to give the cookies extra delicacy. They're easy to make—require no rolling—and keep well. You do it this way:

Ann Pillsbury's CHRISTMAS NUGGETS

Bake at 325° F. for 25 minutes. Makes 3½ dozen small cookies.

Sift together
- 2 cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
- ½ teaspoon **salt**

Cream thoroughly
- ¾ cup **shortening** and
- ¼ cup **butter**
- ½ cup **confectioners' sugar**

Blend in
- 1 tablespoon **vanilla**
- 1 teaspoon **almond extract**
- ½ cup chopped **nut meats**

Add gradually dry ingredients; mix until dough is smooth and well-blended.

Shape into small balls (one tablespoon of dough for each); place on ungreased baking sheet and flatten slightly. If desired, top with colored sugar, coconut or chopped nuts before baking or roll in powdered sugar after baking.

Bake in slow oven (325° F.) for 25 minutes.

Best results are guaranteed when Pillsbury's Best is used in these recipes.

Brighten your menus with Ann Pillsbury's out-of-the-ordinary baking ideas, found in every bag

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You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best

They Married *Five* Times—*Why?*

The Couple Who Hold the World's Championship for Being Married and Unmarried to Each Other Have Found They Can Neither Live With Nor Live Without Each Other

Illustrated by GIL DARLING

The Gray-Haired Romeo Besieged Ella's House, Armed With Candy and Flowers, but the Prettiest Woman He Ever Saw Turned Him Down Again.

GEORGE FRIDDLE, who probably holds the world's championship for being married and unmarried to the same woman the greatest number of times during the shortest period, is a short, mild, bespectacled man of 57 with hair that is thinning and graying. He doesn't look much like a world's champion at anything, although his employers say he's a mighty good silver plater.

He met Ella through a Lonely Hearts club and thereupon made the monumental discovery that there are some women you can neither live with nor live without.

Viewed through Georges bifocals Ella is plump, auburn-haired, slightly but becomingly wrinkled and attractive. She likes to argue, but, George asks what woman doesn't?

One September evening in 1943, George was listening to the radio in a furnished room in Sulphur Springs, Texas, thinking meanwhile about the wife who had borne him eight children before she died and wondering how the children, all grown now and on their own, were getting along.

"It was one of those times when you're feeling your lowest," George recalls. "I heard the announcer say something about a club in San Antonio which was supposed to find suitable mates for lonely people but it didn't register at first. Then I listened more carefully and I thought, 'Gosh, do you suppose they could find somebody for me?'

"I sent them $5 for a membership card and pretty soon I got a letter from Ella. It sounded pert-*like and I* was taken with it right away. *I wrote* back and asked her to describe herself, which she did, but she didn't *half* do herself justice as I discovered when I went to Birmingham, Alabama, to see her. She was a year older than I was, but she was just about the handsomest woman I had ever laid eyes on.

"I courted her some, and we were married in February '44. I had to rush back to Texas to work and Ella was supposed to join me in a few days. Instead, three weeks later, she divorced me. I couldn't understand it. I loved her and I was unhappy."

Maybe Ella thought she had acted a little hastily. Anyhow, not long after the divorce, George got a letter from her. It sounded friendly, and he replied. They were married again in Richmond, Texas, in August.

Somehow things didn't click the way George thought they were going to. After two months he sued for divorce, charging mistreatment, neglect and abuse. He got the decree.

The third marriage of George and Ella took place in Richmond on April 3, 1945, but six months later it was terminated, with George doing the divorcing again on the same grounds. He managed to stay away from her until February, 1947, and then he contrived to be outside her house one afternoon just as she was emerging. It was, so to speak, love again at first sight. The fourth marriage was in Houston on March 22.

Four months later, to the day, George entered the office of Attorney Lawrence Arnim in Houston.

"I want a divorce," he said. "Quick."

"What grounds?" the lawyer asked.

"Mistreatment, neglect and abuse," said George.

So there was another divorce but two days after it became final George and Ella were remarried on September 2. They separated again on September 10 and three days later George was back in Arnim's office.

"Get me another one of those divorcees," George ordered, "but, this time I want some kind of a court order restraining me from ever seeing that woman again. I tell you, she's Helen of Troy and the Queen of Sheba and Betty Grable, all rolled into one."

George returned in three days.

"About that court order," he began. "Did you apply for it?"

"No," the attorney said. "I put in your petition for a divorce but I didn't ask for any restraining order."

"I guess it's just as well," George said. "Call off the whole business. I want my girl back."

He sent her a special delivery letter and the next day he called at Ella's house, his arms loaded with candy and flowers. She wouldn't let him in. There were more unsuccessful trips. Then one afternoon Mrs. Friddle called Lawyer Arnim.

"You have that man in your office tomorrow morning," she said.

George was waiting when Ella arrived. They smiled at each other, almost bashfully. The lawyer sidled out of the room. When he returned they were in each others' arms.

"I'm going to take him back," Ella said. "First, though, he had to make me some promises."

"Ella promised me something, too," George added. "She isn't going to argue with me any more."

As they left, George said:

"Well, goodbye, Mr. Arnim. I don't suppose I'll be seeing you again. When a woman marries a *man* five times, I guess she really *means* it."

"*Six*," Ella said.

"*But*, honey," George said. "There was *Tuscaloosa* and two in Richmond and *two in Houston*. That's five."

"*I don't know* which one you've forgotten," Ella said, "but there were six. Now *look here*, George Friddle, don't you try to . . ."

She was still talking as they started down the stairs.

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The STIGMA *is* LIFTED *FROM the* 4-Fs

No Men in the Next War Will Suf er From the Cruel and Unjust Classification, For All Will Be Given a Chance to Help Their Country

Illustrated by PAUL RADER

During the Last War, He Had to Stand Aside for the Beribboned Veteran, Which Only Increased His Misery. Now the "4-F" Will Be Able to Serve His Country Like Any Other Patriotic Citizen.

By Robert D. Potter

ON NEARLY every street in the United States, there lives today a young man bearing the war-inflicted stigma: "4 F." On some streets, there are many. In all, they are 4,828,000.

That was the number rejected by the Selective Service Boards and thus branded as unfit for service to their country in time of war.

While others speak of the far corners of the earth, they will stand aside. They weren't even misfits. They were branded unfits.

The statistics say they were unfit, physically or mentally. The truth, now officially recognized, is that a vast proportion of them were in most ways able bodied and able minded.

They were not perfect but they were potential soldiers. Not all fighting men, but competent to perform one or another of the manifold jobs of war.

Alike, upon the reasonably capable ones and upon the hopelessly incapable ones, was placed the 4 F blot.

Based on our experience, and that of our allies, in the war, that method of classification seems outmoded. It will not happen again. From now on in any future army of this nation, there will be no more 4 Fs.

Never again will a man be rejected for war service because of a defect non-handicapping in civilian life. The spectacle of rejected 4-F professional prize fighters, baseball players and football players continuing their rigorous careers as civilians will not be repeated.

The Dodgers' Leo Durocher, out with his punctured eardrum...Yankee George Stirnweiss with his sinus trouble...Detroit's Hal Newhouser with heart trouble are a few baseball names that come to mind.

Prize ring 4-Fs include Tami Mauriello...fit enough to fight for the world's heavyweight championship despite his foot deformity...Joe Baski, top heavyweight contender...Willie Joyce Chalky Wright, Willie Pep to mention a few. And there was Johnnie Greenwich, the weight lifter, the boy with the "body beautiful" who was 4-F with an artificial eye.

The rejection of these men—and there were nearly 5,000,000 others less well known—came about because there was a ceiling of 7,700,000 men in the army. Those below par were rejected, or released if they were inducted. Admittedly many of these 4 Fs could have found useful places in the armed forces at desk jobs, paper work and the other tasks which were often performed by able-bodied soldiers of combat caliber.

THE army now has new plans afoot. The men called up in the next draft (if there is one) will be screened in a different manner. The gravely handicapped will be kept out. The others will go in, and stay in.

Perhaps only a small percentage of those with minor defects will see combat service. All will have jobs within their capabilities.

By spotting each man to the job he is fitted for, the army will tap a reservoir of ability which in the last war it rejected. Also it will greatly reduce the number of men to be discharged for psychiatric reasons.

In World War II, 956,232 men were discharged with Certificates of Discharge for Disability. Of this number, 846,153 were released for sickness or disease, either mental or physical. Only 110,079 were discharged for wounds or non-battle injuries.

Of the 846,153 disease discharges, 379,486 were classed as psychiatric cases. That is, 39.7 per cent of the total discharges were attributed to some type of mental disturbance.

Now, the army doctors know that the army isn't that deranged. If it is, then America as a whole is even more unbalanced, for the army was trying to pick the best manpower of the nation.

Yet the result is that 379,486 Americans now are back in civilian life with the NP (neuropsychiatric) label upon them. Their families wonder whether they are all right. They worry about it themselves. Some are afraid to enter business. Some hesitate to marry.

Some of the NP cases are really mental cases. They would have gone the same way in normal civilian life. The rigors of army service only produced them more rapidly.

But the great bulk of the NP discharges were the type of person who can make satisfactory adjustments in civilian life. It was the war and the unusual demands of wartime military life that played the dirty trick on them and raised in their minds doubts of their mental capacity they might never have had otherwise. That is one great injustice which the army hopes to correct with the new physical and mental standards.

The Medical Corps must set the standards. That's a primary task in planning for the defense of the United States. But the Medical Corps wants men (and women, too) who can perform army tasks without mental breakup.

Never again will every soldier be selected as potential combat material. And gone are the days of wholesale rejections for punctured ear drums and other minor ailments.

On the mental side the army is going to see that jobs fit the abilities of the mind and the body. There should be few rejections for slight personality quirks and the branding of a man as an NP.

In the new army such men will not be expected to be paratroopers, combat infantry or tank corps soldiers. They may never carry a pack. Yet they can do a host of jobs that are all part of the army far from the combat zone.

The new picture is an army like the cross section of a knife blade. Only a small part is the cutting edge...the combat troops. Behind them is a broadening base of all service units; a base eventually merging into the war production of the civilian population. In a total war it is difficult to tell where the army stops and the civilian population begins. There are jobs for everyone.

Privately, many army medical officers admit they went overboard on screening during the war.

Adjusting World War I and World War II to the same base, in terms of men involved and the length of the conflict, it turns out that there were more than twice as many NP cases in World War II.

Amos R. Koontz, M.D. Army surgeon for 43 months overseas in the New Zealand and Pacific theatres, asked in the Journal of the American Medical Association if the recent army (and the nation therefore) was more than twice as mentally unsound as back in 1918. Medical officers refused to believe it.

In an address at the symposium of the psychiatric medical faculty of Maryland Dr. Koontz suggested that psychiatrists—riding the wartime saddle—put too much emphasis on exploring human minds down to the last details. Thus they found more psychological quirks than ever before. And they thus needlessly pinned the NP label on thousands of men.

Yet army psychiatrists are not solely to blame, says Dr. Koontz. He also indicts the general public and its current preoccupation with abnormal psychology and psychiatry. Books, radio plays and movies in recent years have gone to great length in exploring the mind and its foibles.

KEY to the new army standards of body and mind is called PULHEEMS.

You've never heard of the word? Few people have. Yet every person in America will probably have a Pulheems chart of his own if a world crisis should mount to the stage where America must again prepare.

Pulheems is a word coined by British medical officers during England's Blitz days and was adopted from the system devised first by the Canadians. A Pulheems chart gives a physical and mental "profile" of a person, telling at a glance his abilities of body and mind. When coordinated with an elaborate job analysis classification this chart can quickly assign a man or woman into the proper task in a total war.

Break down the word Pulheems and it makes:

P—Physical ability
U—Upper limbs
L—Lower limbs
H—Hearing
EE—Eyesight
M—Mental capacity
S—Stability (emotional)

Put them all together and you coin the word PULHEEMS.

P (physical ability) includes body height and weight and the ability to perform work. U (upper limbs) means the ability to move the arms, hands and upper trunk. L (lower limbs) denotes the agility of the feet, legs, pelvis and lower spine.

H (hearing) means what it says. So too for EE (eyesight). M (mental capacity) gives an index of intelligence as measured by I.Q. tests. And S (stability, emotional) is the general term denoting ability to adjust, rapidly and normally, to different situations from simple barracks life to air raids and to the demands of actual combat.

Persons with a low S rating tend to crack easily and show undue tension or anxiety in difficult situations. Often they are imaginative and sensitive. But their behavior is controlled—not by reasoning—but by emotional thought patterns. They rank high as NP cases.

Under the Pulheems system every man called up for service is rated by numbers from 1 to 8 under the various categories. Thus a man whose Pulheems profile reads 1,1,1,1,1,1,1 would make an ideal combat soldier—tops in all categories strong, agile, intelligent and stable.

His Pulheems chart would look like this:

Year of Birth	P	U	L	H	E	E	M	S
1927	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Ht. 72								
Wt. 173								

(This man is above average in every way and fit for service in any theatre of war.)

In contrast to first line, combat soldiers in the Pulheems chart of another man: a frail, scholarly bank clerk in civilian life. His chart looks like this:

Year of Birth	P	U	L	H	E	E	M	S
1927	2	7	2	2	6 2	6 2	1	2
Ht. 67								
Wt. 124								

(This man's low 7th degree of quality U is due to his rigid elbow which is ankylosed. This precludes service as a combatant and limits his value as a soldier. But it is believed he can serve in a clerical capacity in the army. His poor vision (6/6) can be corrected with glasses to 2/1.)

In use with all Pulheems charts must be coordinated a job analysis of all army tasks in different locations—in a combat theatre, in a base area, or at home in continental United States. England and Canada have already worked out this job classification and go down right through the list of hundreds of jobs, to the task of "batwoman," which is the term for a maid in army service. Each task is assigned a minimum Pulheems profile.

Thus army jobs for stewards and waiters can drop down to a Pulheems profile like 4434441 considerably below top standard in all categories except the last—emotional stability.

Specialists like welders or tinsmiths may have Pulheems charts as low as 45x4124 for what the

(Continued on Page 36.)

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO "THE SURGEON GENERAL, U. S. ARMY, WASHINGTON 25, D. C."

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

IN REPLY REFER TO _____

6 November 1947

Mr. Walter Howey, Editor,
The American Weekly,
235 East 45th Street,
New York, New York.

Dear Mr. Howey:

I appreciate the opportunity to read, prior to publication, the article written by Mr. Robert D. Potter which will appear in the American Weekly on the 5,000,000 men who were rejected for military service during the past war and who were labeled "4-F."

Mr. Potter is to be congratulated for treating such an important and complicated subject in such a clear and concise manner, and for pointing out to the public – especially to the 4-Fs themselves – that the system of screening which created the 4-F label was only an administrative device and not a medical diagnosis, as some persons seem erroneously to believe.

It is highly probable the phrase 4-F will never again be applied to any American. It was never intended to hurt anyone but rather served as the screen to select our combat army from the tens of millions of men called in the draft. Based on our war experience the army is revising its screening procedures. I hope we shall never have to mobilize again, but if we do it will doubtless be on a total mobilization in which there will be a place for about everyone according to his abilities and capabilities.

Sincerely,
R. W. Bliss,
Major General,
The Surgeon General.

Anybody Who Wants a Copy of This Letter Can Get One on Good Paper by Writing to the Editor of The American Weekly, Care of Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, New York, and Enclosing a Self-Addressed, Stamped Envelope.

EASY! ENJOY YOUR FAVORITE FOODS AGAIN .... NOW THAT WALNUTS ARE CHEAPER

Good old walnut-raisin pie—luscious layer cake, with chopped walnuts in the batter, golden walnut halves outside—plum pudding, surrounded by walnut-hard-sauce balls—cranberry salad, prettied up with walnuts—crisp Christmas cookies.

But here's a very *special* secret: walnuts do wonders for even your thriftiest, simplest recipes, too. Use them in everyday salads, puddings, main courses, hot-breads. They all taste new, and excitingly different!

Main thing to remember—for best results, always use *Diamond* Walnuts. They're the pick of the California crop—chock-full of plump, sweet kernels. For your full money's worth, every time, look for the *Diamond* brand on every shell!

branded
DIAMOND
WALNUTS
California's finest

Back Again—Vacuum Tins

For last-minute emergencies—always keep a stock of *Diamond shelled* Walnuts, in handy 4-ounce or 8-ounce vacuum tins. Plump halves and pieces, mixed—the same fine quality as *Diamonds* in the shell.

THEY'LL LOVE YOUR GIFT—if it's a box of walnut candies—fudge, divinity, bon-bons. All of them really *need* walnuts. Or why not pack a cookie jar full of crisp walnut cookies. And remember, you don't need new recipes—just add *Diamond* Walnuts to almost any recipe you know to make it a worthy gift! (*Diamonds* make a grand gift, too.)

Baby Genius WITH A DOLL

Before She Enters Kindergarten, the 4-Year-Old Prodigy Will Give Recitals in 50 Major Cities

When Margaret Harris Plays She Has Eyes For Only Two Things—The Piano Keys and Rozarian, Her Doll.

ONE arm clasping "Rozarian," her battered doll, three-year-old Margaret Harris walked confidently over to the big piano on the rostrum of a South Side church in Chicago and faced a polite but skeptical audience.

They had assembled to hear her play, but they didn't believe she was capable of giving a concert—not a real concert.

With a wide, disarming grin, Margaret bowed to the audience and ensconced Rozarian on the shelf above the keyboard.

Then she seated herself, felt around with her feet for the special pedal extensions installed for her and started playing Bach's "Celebrated Minuet."

Her small fingers flew over the full-sized keys and when the piece was finished there followed a burst of applause. Margaret smiled and bobbed her little head. Then she quickly swept Rozarian off her perch and hugged her tightly.

"You like that, Rozarian?" she asked in glee.

Then she continued with Mozart's "The Magic Flute."

That one brought the house down.

She played Bach's "Harpsichord," Schubert's "Dress Parade," Schaum's "Country Fiddler," Tschaikowsky's "Song of Russia" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India." She yawned during Schubert's "Ave Maria" without missing a note and ended with Brahm's "Cradle Song."

Throughout her very first concert Margaret had eyes for only two things—the piano keys and Rozarian. The acclamation which followed each rendition she took in stride as the most blase of virtuosos.

Thus the Chicago Negro genius, (now four years old), who has won the admiration of the musical world and who next year will enter kindergarten to play with letter blocks, paper cut-outs and sand-box toys, as any other child, made her debut.

She is not at all disturbed by the fact that in the year before she begins her school career she will tour the country giving recitals in perhaps 50 major cities. Nor is she bothered by the prospect of playing on the radio and before movie cameras.

She is concerned, however, with how Rozarian will fare on her nation-wide circuit. Will Rozarian have proper sleeping quarters? Will she be protected in transit? Will she always—ALWAYS—be seated on the piano, looking at Margaret out of those calico eyes, when the big moments come?

There's nothing precocious about Margaret. Except for her astonishing musical talent, she's as normal as any of her playmates. She's demure, as a four-year-old should be. She's not subject to tantrums, as some spoiled four-year-olds are. She makes no bid for extra attention.

When this daughter of a housewife and a railroad machinist sits down at a piano, however, and ripples through classical music, she becomes very much in a class by herself.

At first the critics rubbed their eyes and said it couldn't be true. But when they looked again, there was Margaret, all 40 pounds of her, skillfully playing intricate pieces.

How did it come about, this prodigious ability in one so young? Clara and William Harris, for whom Margaret was a first child after 21 years of marriage, don't know, but they can tell you when they first noticed her extraordinary ability.

It was on a rainy day in March, 1946. Mrs. Harris had played and sung nursery rhymes to her baby ever since she was born. This day, however, she was too busy.

Suddenly she heard the plinking of the piano keys. She tiptoed in to watch. Margaret sat at the piano, humming over and over, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." She picked off a few notes, hummed again to check their pitch and then played the melody with one finger.

Margaret frowned. Something was missing. She spread her little fingers, found the right harmonies and dubbed in notes here and there to make it sound fuller. Soon she was playing the song in a professional manner.

She was just two and one-half years old.

Margaret started speaking intelligible words at five months. At nine months she walked unaided. At two, she learned the alphabet in a month.

Mrs. Harris wanted to wait until the child was older before giving her lessons, but Margaret insisted "on playing everything she heard by ear."

"I didn't want her to learn that way," the mother said. "I wanted her to be able to read music, but I had to give in."

Teacher after teacher laughed when the subject of lessons was broached. "Too young!" they all agreed. Then Mrs. Mildred Hall was consulted. She recognized the child's genius and accepted her as a pupil.

"From the first she threw herself eagerly into the work," Mrs. Hall said. "So much so that I have to stop her frequently and make her rest."

She told reporters:

"I like classical music. I'm always going to play classical music. Don't like that boogie-woogie. Used to play it, but I don't now."

She was asked how she felt about the applause.

"It felt good—real good. They whistled, too, and I liked that."

On her coming concert tour, the booking agency will take ten per cent of the gross, Mrs. Hall will get 33⅓ per cent of the net proceeds and the rest goes to Margaret and her parents. Mrs. Harris is a little worried about the effect of all this excitement. "It might turn her head," she said.

But Margaret isn't. There's only one thing worries Margaret.

"Do you suppose," she asks again and again, "Rozarian will like it?"

By John Dienhart

THE VISION OF JA

THROUGHOUT his first 14 years, James Lewis Kraft saw all the world around him dimly, as if through a rain-blurred glass. He thought that others always had a headache, as he did. Then, on a summer afternoon, near Fort Erie, Ontario, it happened.

"Watch your horse, sir?" he said, for he had great ideas of helping his Mennonite parents lift the mortgage from the home where there were 11 in the family.

"Watch it?" said the man with the horse. "How are you going to watch?" He happened to be an optician. He took the boy to his office and fitted him with his first eyeglasses.

Suddenly, then, James Lewis Kraft, now the nation's cheese tycoon, saw the world around him really for the first time. For the first time its oddities and its beauty were in focus.

Now, 59 years later, he recalls that the overwhelming experience back in his boyhood opened the way for him later to become an internationally famous authority on jade, even to owning a mountain of it, and to help him grow to the stature of a notable religious crusader.

His faith was well rooted by his pious parents, but it took a series of disheartening reverses to change him from a mere follower of the faith into a leading exponent.

These reverses, like his bad eyes, seemed always to plague him. He earned

Illustrated by
HAROLD FORSTER

Into His Ears Kraft Heard a Voice Saying: "You Are Working Without God!"

James L. Kraft, the Great Cheese Tycoon, Has Been Superintendent of a Chicago Sunday School for 35 Years

AMES KRAFT

By Anthony Berardi and Charles Keller

his common school education by sweeping out the school for five cents a day and by chopping wood for 40 cents a cord. He earned his way through business college by leaving home at five in the morning to sweep and dust the classrooms

Graduating as a bookkeeper, he got a job in a Fort Erie store as a delivery boy, then hostler and later he became chief clerk. At 18 he was earning $100 a month. That was in 1892.

Then he decided to enter the ice business for himself. But for the first time in history Lake Erie failed to produce enough ice for storage.

A year later he tried again. He lost his new team and wagon in the ice on Niagara River.

However, he managed to save $4,000 and decided to purchase a grocery. When he called at the bank to withdraw the money, he found its doors closed. The bank had failed.

Young Kraft went back to work in the village store. In time he decided he needed a more rounded experience, so he took a job in one of Buffalo's largest retail stores at half his former salary. After having worked in every department, he went back again to the village store.

One thing impressed him indelibly. Cheese deteriorated on the counter. There must be a way to avoid such loss and to keep the food as palatable as when made ready for sale. He decided to devote his entire time to methods of packaging and preserving cheese, and he chose Chicago as the place to start his venture.

Arriving with $65 in his pocket, he paid a month's room rent in advance, purchased some breakfast rolls, a quantity of cheese, a bundle of hay, and rented a horse and wagon.

Sales were discouraging. Sometimes they failed to cover expenses. Far into the night the young merchant experimented with the preserving process which was to revolutionize the cheese industry.

THEN he was advised he owed $3,000 and henceforth would have to pay cash for his purchases.

That day Kraft made this resolution: "Today I must sell $100 worth of cheese."

At the end of the day his sales totaled $12.65 and he had missed his objective by $87.35.

While "Paddy," the horse, was trudging wearily back to the barn, Kraft asked aloud:

"Paddy, what's the matter with us, anyhow?"

Into his ears Kraft heard a voice saying:

"You are working without God!"

"I heard it," says Mr. Kraft. "I know I heard it."

The horse hesitated and raised his ears, as if he, too, heard the voice. Kraft halted him, looked around, but saw nobody. He exclaimed:

"Get up, Paddy. If God can do better than we can with this cheese business, let's let Him!"

On the following Sunday, Kraft joined a church and at the same time became an active worker in its affairs.

Good fortune came his way. Pushing through a crowd of bargain hunters, he purchased for 69 cents a common kitchen double boiler. He melted batches of cheese on a slow fire to 150 degrees, or just under the pasteurization point, while stirring the cheese constantly. He found the heating preserved the cheese, and the stirring prevented separation of the butter fat.

He had discovered the process upon which his world-wide business was founded.

During the ensuing years his religious activities have proceeded hand in hand, as it were, with his business activities.

For 35 years he has been superintendent of the Sunday School of Chicago's North Shore Baptist Church. Each Sunday he is in Chicago sees him at the entrance greeting the members, who have grown from an enrollment of less than 100 to more than 2,000.

He has become such a competent authority on the Bible he frequently delivers the Sunday sermon. His minister says he is an excellent preacher.

NOW Mr. Kraft is treasurer and vice-president of the International Council of Religious Education; vice-president of the Northern Baptist Convention. He is president of the International Training School for Sunday School Teachers; treasurer of the Religious Education Foundation, and member or a supporter of similar endeavors.

Equally intensive with his business and religious affairs is his fascinating adventure in jade.

It started with a boyhood collection of arrowheads and bright pebbles. Kraft's curiosity into the background of his pieces led him to become an omnivorous reader of Indian lore. Uncovering fossil-fishes led him into the prehistoric, and on through the golden days of Babylon, Syria, the Nile, the Middle and Far East.

One of his prized possessions is a stone cylinder 12 inches high and 10 inches in circumference on which Nebuchadnezzar told the story of his life, his achievements and his love.

His search for the unusual brought him, inevitably, some Chinese seals made of jade. They appealed to him at once because of their intrinsic beauty and the long culture they represented.

Pondering life as it was through the Chinese dynasties recalled for him having read references in Indian lore to jade amulets and axes and carved jade pebbles found in Alaska and in the ruins of the Aztecs and Mayas.

He told geologists of his belief China was not the only source of jade; that jade must be available on the American continent.

Word having got around that he was interested in jade resulted in his receiving a box of artifacts, or aboriginal art, made by the Haidan Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands, off the coast of British Columbia, including an adze, a few half-formed cutting tools of jade, and a 10-pound piece of jade, kidney-shaped.

The pieces served to heighten his interest. He wrote to anybody and everybody who might uncover jade. In due time he had 90 pounds of it.

His hobby took an unexpected turn shortly afterward. While riding with a friend on the Columbia River highway, near Bridal Veil Falls, he observed a group of men and women on a hill picking up objects and putting them in knapsacks.

Every Time This Boy Tried He Failed Until He Listened to the Voice of God—Then He Became a Multimillionaire

Told they were members of the Oregon Society of Amateur Laps, or lapidarians, who cut and polish stones, he scrambled up the hillside. They told him of their hobby and how in Portland a dealer could supply him with equipment and tools. He bought.

Hardly started on this new phase of his hobby, he read in a lapidary magazine of an Oregon mineral dealer who was offering slices of jade for 75 cents each. They proved real jade, but more than that, they indicated to him jade prevailed in the region. Correspondence disclosed the dealer got the jade from an Indian who had a jallopy with a California license plate, but that his name and address were not known.

Dispatching a prospector to find either the Indian or the source of the jade, Kraft waited hopefully. Weeks passed, and then a postcard from the prospector advising him he had found great boulders in a trout stream six miles from Happy Camp, California, near the Oregon line. The boulders proved to be genuine jade.

"Buy the area at once," ordered Kraft.

Search for the owner revealed the location was a mountain 4,000 feet high and that it was called the Chan Jade Claim. Thus a Chinese knew what Kraft was certain would be proved—that jade prevailed in America.

Already an 80-ton boulder of white jade, the color of foaming water, has been uncovered as well as trainloads of other shades of jade.

The mountain of jade now is providing Kraft with a sufficient amount with which to work on in his lapidary laboratory in the basement of his Wilmette, Ill., home on Chicago's suburban north shore. From the few bits of original cutting and polishing equipment he obtained in Oregon, he now has electrically powered machines which rival those of many commercial lapidary houses

His jade mountain also is making it possible for him to provide enough jade jewelry for presentation as a reward to such of his 10,000 employes who render service beyond the ordinary requirements of their task, and for his friends. Fashioned as skillfully as that done by a professional, the jade gifts are highly prized.

Time and his efforts now reveal jade deposits on the California coast, below Monterey, and in San Luis Obispo County, in Wyoming, Alaska and in Mexico. Some of it equals in color and pattern the finest from China.

Recently his scouts advised him they found a four-foot ledge of jade on the San Simeon, California, ranch of William Randolph Hearst.

Because of the proximity of the ranch to San Luis Obispo, Mr. Kraft believes the vein may develop into "one of the greatest of all sources of jade on this continent, indeed on the earth."

Samples of this deposit proved their quality and polishability were excellent, Mr. Kraft said. The colors ranged from very pale green to jet black and they were unlike anything else he had seen from any other American source.

Among his museum pieces is a teapot and cups to match of white jade, thin as butterfly wings and as delicate as the finest lace. A solid piece, weighing 2,495 pounds, the largest yet uncovered in Wyoming, was presented by him to the Chicago Natural History Museum.

So absorbed and enthusiastic is he over his hobby, Kraft wrote a book: "Adventure in Jade," which tells of his experience with jade and how he became a rockhound. The royalties are being given to charity.

JADE has provided the cheese manufacturer-churchman with many pleasant hours. A busy day at his office and conferences at night on some new religious promotion program usually are followed, before retiring, by two hours in his basement laboratory. He has a glass case full of many colored pieces of jade in his office and on his desk.

In his book, he says:

"I learned long ago that a man cannot do his best work in any sort of commerce unless he is able, at any moment, to turn his mind away from his business and its problems completely.

"He should also be able to take a short nap in his chair. That will keep him from being half asleep the remainder of the day."

Mr. Kraft maintains one can easily learn the habit of taking such a nap. He merely closes the door to his office, sits back in the chair at his desk, closes his eyes, and, in sequence, releases the muscles of his face, his arms and then his legs. In half a minute he is sound asleep. In five or ten minutes he awakes, thoroughly refreshed.

Continuing his bit of homely advice to busy executives and others, he says in his book:

"And if he has even an indifferently good collection of small stones on top of his desk, he will never be tempted into those idle and profitless habits of doodling with which so many people waste their time and their talent.

"This habit of mine—keeping boxes of strange things coming to me from all parts of the world—has always been a matter of interest and curiosity to my secretary and to the boys in the mailing department. They have never known whether a package would contain gems or junk. I have never known either, and that is what has always sent me enthusiastically into mountains of daily mail."

Mrs. Kraft shares her husband's interests. In 18 years, they laid out acres of floral gardens on their summer estate near Elcho, Wis. In 1941, 35,000 visitors viewed the majestic displays. Here also is a private bird collection, a sanctuary for wild animals, and a museum housing much that he gathered since boyhood.

Between these all-absorbing activities, he lectures throughout the country on religion and its place in the sphere of things.

Mr. Kraft is vice-chairman of the National 4-H Clubs and president of four children's camps.

How does he find time to do it all? He replies: "I don't waste any time."

Doped to Win

By Phlip Drew

AT THE quarter mile, Blue Gyp, the four-year-old filly, was in fourth place. At the half, she was second. In the stretch, she drew clear, to the consternation of most of the crowd, and won with ease.

The paying public at Suffolk

Was Benzedrine—the Stay-Awake Drug—Given by Injection to Transform Blue Gyp From a Slowpoke Into a Handy Winner?

Downs on a recent afternoon had not expected this. Blue Gyp had finished sixth in her last previous race and her habit had been to loiter well out of the money. But this was her day, and she paid $15 for a $2 ticket, with the mutuel pool disbursing $80,190.

The odds had been higher in the morning. They fell as considerable sums were placed on Blue Gyp not long before the $2,500 claiming race for four-year-olds and older.

What stirred the sleeping filly to spectacular action? The public did not know until several days later, when the report of Dr. Joseph T. Walker, Massachusetts State Police chemist, supplied the answer. Dr. Walker said a chemical analysis revealed that the filly, owned by the reputable Highland Stable, and trained by a reputable trainer, Eddie Yowell, had been given a stimulant

Benzedrine, the stay-awake drug, had transformed Blue Gyp from a slowpoke into a handy winner.

It was a striking example of the misuse to which the strange, synthetic drug could be put. Benzedrine, used properly, can help a world-girdling flier stay awake or lift a hospital patient out of the apathy of deep depression. Used improperly, it can even decide a horse race.

In this case, it was up to the Suffolk Downs stewards to investigate. Who administered the benzedrine, and how? Was it injected into a muscle or a vein just before the race? Was it given by pill somewhat earlier? Or, still earlier, was a capsule (requiring longer to dissolve) fed to the filly?

Eddie Yowell, the trainer, nominally was in charge of the horse and responsible for its care. He was employed by the Highland Stable's owners, Henry Mason and Meyer Jaffe, of Fall River, Mass., who have been racing only a few years, and have a blameless record. Yowell said he did not stimulate Blue Gyp and did not know who did. But the stewards, William Almy Jr., Leo O'Donnell and R. Norman Charlton, after inquiry, suspended him.

Yowell, a former jockey and a good trainer for the last few years, with a clean record, and well spoken of by trackmen, became the goat. He took the rap not because of overwhelming proof against him but because of a track custom. It is the custom to set a trainer down if a horse in his care is found to have been stimulated by a chemical.

In the case of Blue Gyp—and she might have been stimulated by any one, since Yowell could not spend every moment with the filly—it was left for the trainer to clear himself before the State Racing Commission.

Sometimes it is impossible for a trainer, though innocent of wrongdoing, to do this. If he does not know who gave the horse a stimulant, his position remains defensive.

Yowell's suspension stood only until the State Commission held a hearing, went deeply into the case, and reinstated him as of Nov. 1, 1947.

Sometimes, despite the testimony of chemical experts, a trainer must submit to the full period of suspension, as famous Tom Smith did.

Smith, trainer for Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's Maine Chance Stable, remained under Jockey Club suspension for a year after it was charged in 1945 that Magnific Duel, in his care, had been stimulated by a nasal spray of ephedrine.

Ephedrine is similar to benzedrine, but toxicologists testified that spraying it into a horse's nostrils could not make him a winner, and throughout Smith's suspension Mrs. Graham retained him as trainer.

Many horsemen also believe that benzedrine cases could be almost eliminated if race tracks would install state-supervised receiving barns.

Under the receiving barn system, horses are delivered into state care long enough before a race so that if any horse is stimulated the guilt can lie only upon state employes. The trainer is freed of any obligation

Some horsemen are skeptical about the plan's success. Their objections are that their horses, in strange stalls and under strange supervision, might grow unduly nervous at race time. They also say state employes would be as open to bribery as private employes. The advocates of the barns, however, are gaining in number.

Toxicologists hesitate to say just how much a horse can be stimulated by benzedrine, and they point out that the deciding factors are time and dosage. What a stimulated horse will do in a race depends on how much benzedrine it receives, by what method, and exactly how long before post time. It takes a careful planner to make a hopped-up horse a winner.

At best, benzedrine is a mysterious, double-edged drug. The Army used it under instructions in the Basic Field Manuel which recommended dosage "for relief of extreme mental fatigue." Fliers found it kept them alert on long hauls when they would be prone to fall asleep. William P. Odom, in his record-solo flight around the world, resorted to a few pills on the 3,650-mile grind from Calcutta to Tokyo, when he astonished airmen by skipping Shanghai.

Benzedrine is deadly under special circumstances. The triple murder case of Joseph B. Medley, in Washington, D. C., proved that. Medley, posing as a Southern horseman, left behind him a trail of three red-haired girls, mysteriously dead. He was executed for the Washington murder.

One of the girls was Blanche Zimmerman, a Dallas, Texas, telephone operator. After a party with Medley, she was found dead of benzedrine and alcohol. The drug that usually keeps one awake helped put her to sleep forever.

Benzedrine, however, is not a menace. It is invaluable is some nervous disorders. No more peril lies in the pills, capsules, or solution, than in many other familiar drugs. Its commonest use is harmless; it is the active ingredient in some nose drops which shrink tissue and clear the nasal passage.

It takes a crook, or a bribed weakling, to transfer it into a weapon for race track racketeers.

★ Illustrated by WENDELL KLING ★

Del Monte Reporter: "What does it take to become a good comedian?"

Danny Kaye: "It takes experience, plus a combination of many special qualities."

"No comedian is born funny. He has to work at it—and work hard.

"He's got to really understand human nature and have a natural liking for people. He must be able to learn what kind of material fits his particular style of comedy, and know how to keep his delivery bright and sharp.

"Helping people enjoy themselves takes many special qualities. The good comedian has them all."

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Del Monte Coffee

Seven great coffees in one

The Rich Banker Was 67 and His Love for His Young and Pretty Secretary Was Doomed from the Start

'WE COULD HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY'

By Irving Johnson

"I Loved Him Dearly," Wept Merna Lassen, "As Everybody Else Loved Him—But Only for His Fun and Friendliness."

AFTER awhile Miss Lassen stopped crying. She dabbed her eyes and drew her hand slowly across her tear-stained face.

Dully, almost without emotion, she tried to comprehend the tragedy that had shaken her. She spoke in a low, barely audible monotone.

She said she had worked for Mr. Adams for 13 years. She said he was kind and that she loved him dearly, but wasn't in love with him.

Now he was dead when he had so much to live for. He had taken his own life. A bullet in the heart had ended a love that was doomed from the start.

Claude A. Adams had been president of the Hollywood (Cal.) State Bank since 1938 and pretty Merna Lassen had been his private secretary till only recently.

He was 67 when he finally turned his revolver on himself in his new $70,000 North Hollywood home.

"He asked me to marry him,'" said Miss Lassen, who is 31, "but I told him I didn't love him."

He persisted and she resigned her position.

"Actually," she said, "I loved him dearly, but not the way it sounds. I loved him as everybody else loved him. He was always friendly and full of fun with the customers at the bank and with the employes.

"He had so much to live for. He had hundreds of friends and he liked to live and have a good time. He had such a beautiful home and liked to entertain.

"How could he do such a thing?

"I've known him since I was 18, when I went to work for the bank. He was always so good to me. When he was promoted from vice-president to president in 1938 I went along with him.

"I respected him and was very fond of him.

"But when he began asking me to marry him I thought our association wasn't good for the bank. I just thought it would be better all around if I gave up my job."

Before she left the bank, Miss Lassen had taken more than a passing fancy to a young clarinet player. Adams disapproved, but she went out with him anyway.

"He's more than just a friend," she said. "After all, I've been dating him and if I didn't like him I wouldn't be doing that."

Adams rose to riches from a humble beginning. At the turn of the century he was a railroad brakeman and lost his right arm in an accident. He started his banking career in 1928 and advanced rapidly. At the time of his death he was an acknowledged leader in civic and financial affairs.

Only last year he was the guest of honor at a testimonial dinner attended by 700 business men and high-ranking government and political leaders.

He was married twice and is survived by a daughter. His first wife divorced him 20 years ago; his second, in 1941. It was then that his interest in his secretary quickened.

Once he decided there was nothing left to live for, he arranged his death with meticulous detail. He wrote seven notes and fired the fatal shot while standing in front of Miss Lassen's picture.

His body was found on a bed, his head not far from the picture. A note in the bedroom read:

"Merna:

"We could have been so happy if you had consented to have me. I have your picture in front of me and will look at it the last thing. I love you so much.

"To think that you are now in the arms of another man is more than I can stand. I remember the wonderful times we have had kindly.

"Good-by, darling, I love you."

The other notes were found among whiskey bottles and empty glasses in the servants' quarters. In one also addressed to Miss Lassen, he wrote:

"All your faults are forgotten and your sweetness remembered.

"You knew I would do this when you left me, so this is no surprise.

"I love you with all my broken heart."

A note to his lawyer, Walter G. Danielson, revealed that "my devotion to Merna was so desperate I couldn't go on without her."

It was even strong enough to continue beyond the grave, though for a time he almost succeeded in putting it out of his mind.

Five weeks before his death, the banker willed his spacious home to the city of Los Angeles to be used for a playground. The residue of his estate was left to Martin Brown, a grandson. Miss Lassen went unmentioned.

Eight days later he reconsidered and drew up a new will. Written in his own hand, this document left his $150,000 estate to his former secretary and named her as sole administratrix.

At that time, he wrote:

"I, C. A. Adams, being of sound mind and without duress, do hereby will and bequeath at my death all my property, both personal and real, to Merna Lassen for her to have and hold and do whatsoever she may see fit with it.

"I hereby appoint Merna Lassen administratix of my estate to act without bond.

"I hereby disinherit all other persons claiming any interest in my estate, whether blood relations or not."

Now, unless it is declared invalid, the girl who wouldn't marry him gets all the riches he wanted her to share with him in life.

But it may not be as simple as it seems on the surface. There are already prospects of a long drawn-out court wrangle over distribution of the estate.

Mrs. Thelma Brown, only daughter of the banker, has threatened to challenge the will on behalf of her nine-year-old son, Martin, Adams' heir under the original draft.

The city of Los Angeles would also be party to such an action, in view of the property bequest in the first will.

Grounds for the proposed contest, according to counsel for Mrs. Brown, are undue influence and lack of testamentary capacity.

MILLION-DOLLAR *Surprise*

By Al Whelton

It Came to the Boston Library When John Deferrari Jumped the Gun on the Promise, "I'll Remember You In My Will"

UNCERTAIN and hesitant, the young man looked about the gas-lit foyer of the Boston Public Library. He pulled off his cap and shyly approached an attendant.

"Please," he said, "I want to read. Where are the books on history and business?"

The attendant smiled encouragingly and said, "I'll help you find them. Then you'll always know where they are when you come in."

Twenty-seven-year-old John Deferrari read until the library's gas lights were turned out. Then he trudged through streets of 1890 Boston to the cot in the rear of his fruit store.

That night saw the beginning of an American drama which recently reached its climax when the same John Deferrari, still straight of back and eager of eye at the age of 84, walked into the library's executive offices. The attendant of long ago was no more courteous than the president who now greeted him.

Deferrari pulled a document from his coat pocket and handed it over. "Here it is," he said. "One million dollars. I thank God for the library. Use this so young people can learn."

The lightly-spoken and often-forgotten promise "I'll remember you in my will" was not John Deferrari's way of giving. He had made his munificent proposal legal and binding.

Word of the princely gift brought a barrage of questions from an interested city. Who was John Deferrari? How did he become so wealthy? Why was he giving such a large sum to the public library?

The answers were as surprising as the gift itself. Boston had been harboring an untutored genius who was a mystery man even to his closest neighbors. Since the night when he began his studies in the library, Deferrari had followed a lonely and unfaltering path to knowledge—and wealth.

A basket of fruit, under his Midas touch, had grown into a vast fortune in real estate and top-drawer securities. He never had forgotten the kindness of the librarians during those early years, or the value of the volumes which had told him what he wanted to know.

He had been given the chance to repay—and ease the way for young people with careers still uncarved.

A cry went up from scores of persons who thought the money should have gone to different use often their own. John Deferrari ignored these protests.

"Let them work for it the way I did," he said. "But this money this million dollars—keep it until it is three million. Then build another library or a wing where young men can learn, develop their character and become successful."

The library trustees promised to follow his instructions. They said that the building or wing would be named after John Deferrari, and they appropriated $5,000 for an oil portrait of the donor. They showed him paintings of other benefactors.

"Fine, fine," he beamed.

Gradually the mystery man's life story emerged. John Deferrari was born June 11, 1864, in Boston's North End, the son of Giovanni and Catherine Deferrari, immigrants and the parents of nine children.

His father struggled to support the family with a fruit business. When John finished seventh grade, his father handed the youngster a basket of fruit and said, "Go out and sell it."

"I carried the basket through the lawyers' offices and the business district," Deferrari recalls. "I sold the fruit. And I saw the men making much money. I said to myself, 'They won't live forever and I can get a chance.'"

Johnny was such a good salesman that he soon was able to rent a stall, then a store. "I hired my brothers to work for me," he said, "but outside I put the sign for my father, G. Deferrari & Sons. He was a good man to all of us and certainly deserved the credit."

The business prospered and moved to a site near the library. Now in his 20s, Deferrari realized that he lacked the book learning to succeed in a big way.

"I knew all knowledge was in the library," he said.

It was then that he made the momentous visit that was to change his life. Every spare moment was spent in poring over books. The young man became interested in real estate, studied its trends.

"I saved up and bought buildings," he said. "I kept them, even when things went bad. They always came back."

Soon Deferrari was studying statistics on business trends, stocks and bonds. Before he bought securities he read all there was to know about the corporations that issued them and the men who ran these companies. He turned the fruit business over to his brothers and became a full-time trader in securities and real estate.

"They don't fool me," he said. "Not once."

The fact that the panic of 1907, the recession of 1921 and the crash of 1929 left him safe and unruffled proves his statement.

Thus he reached the age of 84, growing ever wealthier and never forgetting the free reading rooms to which he attributes his success.

He never married. "In my 20s I thought I should marry," he explained, "but it would have to be a poor girl who would work as hard as I and save, save. I never met such a one."

He made his fortune without the help of a bookkeeper or a secretary.

"They tell your business." Telephones are taboo, a nuisance. If he wants to go some place, he walks. And when concentrating on an important deal, he loves to sit in the waiting room at a railroad station.

He has some simple advice for those who would match his record. "Go to places where you can learn," he says. "Keep learning. Play fair."

Books Told Him What He Wanted to Know, and Soon His Basket of Fruit Grew Into a Vast Fortune.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

THE

When They Caught Up With the Lovers in the Very Act of "Eloping," Millin Knocked His Partner Down With a Well-Directed Punch on the Jaw

By Peter Levins

ON THE morning of June 4, 1904, a pistol shot and a scream came from a hansom cab clopping down New York's West Broadway. The policeman who investigated found a man sprawled across a woman's lap. The man was Francis "Caesar" Young, 38-year-old turfman and bookie. The woman was Nan Patterson, 22-year-old Floradora Girl.

The girl said the cab had been headed for a North River pier where Mr. Young was to meet Mrs. Young and sail on a trip to Europe. She also said that, to her surprise, her companion had suddenly shot himself.

He died without regaining consciousness and Nan Patterson, hysterically shouting her innocence, was taken to Tombs Prison.

The District Attorney learned that the bookie and the actress had been close friends for two years and that Mrs. Young was taking her husband out of the country in an attempt to break up the affair.

It was also learned that Caesar and Nan had held a rendezvous until 3 o'clock on the morning of the shooting.

There were no eyewitnesses to the killing, so the whole case seemed to hinge on the ownership of the .32 calibre revolver found in Young's coat pocket. If it was his, then any jury might be expected to bring in a verdict of suicide. But if the gun was Nan's . . .

Five days after the shooting, the District Attorney, William Travers Jerome, made the following sensational announcement:

1. That the gun had been bought at a pawnshop at 516 Sixth Avenue, Manhattan, at 5:45 p. m., June 3, the day before the tragedy.

2. That the buyer answered the description of Miss Patterson's brother-in-law, J. Morgan Smith.

3. That Smith and his wife, Julia Patterson Smith, with whom Nan had been living at the St. Paul hotel, had disappeared.

The pawnbroker, Hyman Stern, had made a note of the manufacturer's number, 74,050, the authorities explained. So there could be no question about the identity of the gun.

Stern said that the purchaser, a tall, nervous-seeming man who stooped slightly as he walked, had entered the store some 15 minutes before closing time accompanied by a woman.

The woman could not have been Miss Patterson, it was said, for she was taller and older than the suspect.

"We have information," said an official, "that Smith and his wife were out shopping while Miss Patterson was at the Sheepshead Bay race track with Caesar Young."

The Smiths had left their baggage at the hotel, he added, but their bill had been paid.

After the Smiths had failed to appear before the grand jury on Friday the 10th, her lawyer, Abraham Levy said: "I can give no explanation for the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

The prosecution charged that Nan's attorneys had hustled the Smiths out of town to embarrass the case being built up against the actress.

Apart from the gun, there were matters the police wanted to question the Smiths about.

Was it true, for instance, that Miss Patterson, with money received from Young, had been more or less supporting them?

Was it true that they had been encouraging—and even stage-managing—Nan's efforts to retain and consolidate this source of income?

Justice Newburger issued a body attachment for the vanished pair, and the grand jury hearing was adjourned until the following Monday in the hope that the Smiths would be there.

This proved a vain hope, and Nan's expectations also proved over-optimistic, for on Monday the jury indicted her on the charge of killing Young with premeditation.

* * *

ON THE eve of the trial, which opened on Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1904, before Justice Vernon M. Davis in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, Miss Patterson told reporters that she faced the ordeal "in the full belief that the Almighty will declare the truth. I am innocent," she said, "and with God's help I will prove it."

A contemporary account said that she "sauntered easily into court" at 11 a. m. and seated herself at the counsel table beside her bearded, patriarchial-looking father, John Randolph Patterson. She was dressed in black.

In his opening on Nov. 21, William Rand, Jerome's right-hand man, arraigned the defendant as a cold-blooded killer, a vampire and a destroyer of another's home. He held that the crime had been "plotted for 13 hours"—that is, from the time Morgan Smith allegedly told Nan that she "must do it."

The prosecutor asserted that Morgan Smith had purchased the gun, and he intimated that what the defendant did she did at Smith's dictation.

He said that the couple had first met on a

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

Nan Patterson MYSTERY

west-bound train and that they had "continued the journey in company." Eventually, he went on, Mrs. Young had learned the truth and demanded that the relationship cease.

He also said that Mrs. Young and John Millin, her husband's racing partner, had caught up with the lovers one day in Los Angeles in the very act of "eloping." And Millin had gone so far as to knock his friend down with a punch on the jaw.

Rand informed the jury that Nan had accepted $800 and returned to New York, only to rejoin Young at the first opportunity. But finally, according to the prosecutor, Young had "escaped" from the actress and had not spent a night away from home from May 28 until his death.

Rand went on to say that "after many declarations and protestations" Nan took money and agreed to go abroad, to leave the country, alone, or at least not in Young's company. But she had reneged on the deal.

It was then decided, said Rand, that Young should go away with Mrs. Young and passage was booked on the liner Germanic, sailing June 4.

On the day before the scheduled departure, Rand continued, Young spent the afternoon at the race track with Mrs. Young and John Millin. While they were there, he said, the death weapon had been purchased at Stern's pawnshop.

Then came the witnesses: Patrolman Junior, who boarded the cab within a few moments of the shooting; Patrolman Quinn, who took Nan into custody at Hudson Street hospital, where Young died; and Cabman John Crowley.

CROWLEY testified that two men and a woman hailed him outside Flannery's saloon on 125th Street some time after 3 a. m., June 4. He said that one of the men (Young) ordered the woman (Miss Patterson) into the cab with threats and curses, had slapped her in the face and snarled drunkenly that he would "knock her head off."

According to the witnesses, Nan had sobbed the 60 blocks to her destination, the St. Paul hotel at 60th Street and Columbus Avenue.

At this moment in the trial, Juror No. 10, Edward Dressler, suffered a stroke, so that the proceedings were not resumed until early December.

The state introduced a letter, dated May 3, 1904, which had been written by Julia Smith to Caesar Young. In this Mrs. Smith had warned the bookmaker that she would not be responsible "for what she (Nan) will do if you continue to keep away from her." The letter, which addressed Young as "Dear Nunc," asserted that Nan was in a "very perturbed condition."

"I fear that she might do something serious, either to you or to herself," Mrs. Smith had written. "You must come and see me and get the whole matter straightened out."

The next witness was William Luce, brother-in-law of the deceased, who testified that Nan and Caesar had not been on friendly terms during the night of June 3. He insisted that Young had met her that evening for the sole purpose of retrieving some letters.

She had not produced any letters, and this circumstance led the prosecution to argue that the return of the letters was the only reason for the rendezvous the next morning.

On Friday, Dem 16, the defense lost its plea to quash the indictment and on Monday, the 19th, Defense Chief Levy, having bowed to the court, uttered the words: "Nan, take the stand."

A deep flush suffused her cheek as she faced her elderly, benevolent-looking counsel.

In a voice soft and lisping, she told of her marriage to Leon Gaines Martin, of meeting Young in 1902, and the intimate association that ensued. She spoke quietly about her divorce, in May, 1903, at Young's suggestion and expense, and about the subsequent efforts of his in-laws to break up the relationship, including a proposal that she leave the country.

SHE related that she went to the race track at Sheepshead Bay on the afternoon of June 3, accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law. (This was a vital piece of testimony because it was part of Smith's alibi covering the time, 5:45 p.m., when he allegedly purchased the gun.)

She said they left the track after the fifth race, and were back at the St. Paul hotel by 7 o'clock.

She denied that Young had slapped her in the face when they parted that night.

Then she gave her version of the fatal hansom ride the morning of the 4th.

"He asked me if I would promise to join him in Europe in a month or so," she testified. "I said I did not want to go to Europe.

"He drew me to him. He hurt me. I asked him when he would be back, and he replied that he might be back in three months or so—perhaps never. He kissed me. He pressed me so hard that he hurt. I pushed him from me. He said, 'I have lost a lot of money—now I am losing my girl.'

"He again grabbed me with great force. It made the tears come to my eyes. I pulled myself away from him.

"Then, quick as a flash, it happened."

Levy's voice broke the intense silence. "You heard a report?"

She nodded, tears in her eyes.

"I thought he'd had a spasm, he kept twisting and turning so," she went on. "I called to him two or three times but he did not answer me. I knew something serious had happened."

Prosecutor Rand could not shake her story during two-and-one-half hours of cross-examination the next morning.

Levy appealed to the jury: "With the happiness of your own homes before you, and the glory of the Christmas festival in anticipation, are you going to condemn this young woman? I do not wish to base my appeal on sentiment or sympathy, but I ask you to look at this old man (her father) sitting here with his arm about this girl—and no one of her sex stands by—and say if you cannot give her to him to take home to his aged wife, that she may live under better influences than when she was tempted by Caesar Young."

Rand described the defendant as a "brazen and consummate actress." He dared the jury to demonstrate to their own satisfaction that the wound had been self-inflicted. Referring to the continued absence of the Smiths, he exclaimed:

"Do you suppose for a moment that anything on the face of the earth could keep Smith and Nan Patterson's blood sister away from here if they were not afraid?"

He said that Young had had to make a choice between his wife and Nan—"between the soul that shines forth from the eyes of Margaret Young and the brazen stare of his mistress." There was, Rand said, "no hesitation—he chose the wife."

"WHO can describe the psychopathy of a jealous woman?" he went on. "If it is true that love is as strong as death, then it is as true that jealousy is as cruel as the grave.

"The facts are there. She was flouted—cast off. He was going to leave her, and this gave birth to murder in her heart...So she slew him.

"God grant to you, my friends, that if in the days to come your memories must be burdened with the recollection of this service to the state, the vision you shall see may not be of this defendant, dissipating again in sin and riot the life that is now fairly forfeited to the law; nor yet of her counsel, with tongue in cheek and cynic smile, clinking their glasses to the toast, 'How easily deceived are 12 good men and true'; but rather of Justice satisfied and vindicated.

"May you in her (Justice's) majestic presence, stand without reproof of conscience, without shame of cowardice, and in the parting of her set lips discern the rosy edge of her approving smile, and hear her voice, sweet and soft, pronounce, "'Well done, thou good and faithful ministers of mine.'"

But the jury could not agree on a verdict. At 12:50 p. m., Dec. 23, they reported that they were deadlocked, six to six, and were discharged.

The defendant, weeping hysterically, was taken back to her cell in Tombs Prison.

The high point of the second trial, which opened on April 18, 1905, before Recorder John W. Goff, came when Pawnbroker Stern, asked whether he could identify Morgan Smith—in court at last—as the purchaser of the death weapon, replied, "I cannot say."

As the trial went into its final hours, crowds gathered in the vicinity of the criminal courts building. The streets were all but impassable.

"Set Nan free!" people shouted to the jurors as they walked down Centre Street to a restaurant on Park Row. "Hurrah for Nan!"

Again the jurors could not agree.

After their discharge by the court some of the jurors talked freely and frankly with reporters. They revealed that few of the "twelve good men and true" believed that Young had shot himself. At the same time, they could not be convinced that Nan killed him deliberately. They believed that she had carried the gun in her handbag, that she bluffed suicide, and that the gun went off when Young sought to wrest it from her.

After 13 hours, they stood deadlocked at eight for acquittal and four for a manslaughter conviction. Judge Goff discharged them.

A few days later, District Attorney Jerome dropped the case, and Nan Patterson was free.

* * *

NAN PATTERSON dropped from sight for several years. Then, on December 9, 1910, she figured in the news again. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer revealed that she was living in the Washington city as the bride of Capt. Sumner Prescott, Spanish-American War veteran and son of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer.

The paper quoted Capt. Prescott as saying:

"I am sorry our secret has become known. Yes, it is true, Miss Patterson is my wife. I met her at a party in Washington, D. C., about a year ago. She was living quietly with her parents and was trying to forget the past. It was at her suggestion just before we were married that we keep it a secret."

The Prescotts were happy. Prescott manufactured machinery in Seattle and was prominent in the city's business, civic and club life. Mrs. Prescott remained secluded and retiring.

Then, in September, 1947, she died.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

How to make all ye men merry!

Give them gifts of George Washington

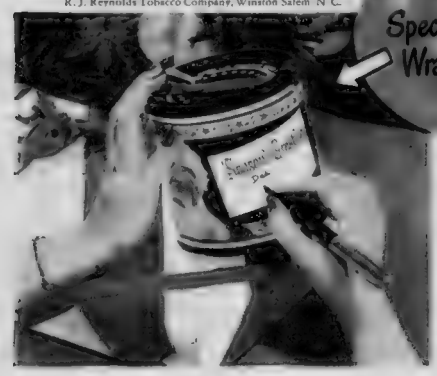
SMOKING TOBACCO

...the Great American pipe tobacco that's famous for rich, hearty flavor and smoking mildness

A grand gift for a pipe smoker is George Washington Tobacco. For it's rich and tasty, mellow and mild as a Spring Morn'.

The big pound tin (shown actual size below) holds days and days of smoking pleasure—so it makes a generous gift. Yet George Washington Tobacco is modestly priced to fit any Christmas budget. At your dealer's now.

Available in a gay Christmas wrapper, with space for your own cheery greeting. No other wrapping necessary.



Kept fresh in the famous LEV-A-LIFT *tin*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem N. C.

Billy La Hiff's Place Was the Crossroads for Those Who Made the Headlines in the Roaring Twenties.

By Billy Gibson

MAYBE, some place on another sphere, the late Billy La Hiff is still herding them in, the great and the near-great, and telling them about the wondrous things that happened at The Tavern on 48th St., New York City, U. S. A., in the Roaring Twenties.

Certainly, if there is a Valhalla for famous restaurant owners, La Hiff must be there, greeting his patrons, just as he used to do when his Tavern became famous as the gathering place of the gay, sometimes irresponsible, crowd which made the headlines two decades past. He stood at the door and welcomed everyone with his affable manner and his heart-warming generosity. "Meet me at Billy La Hiff's" was a common remark in those days.

Damon Runyon spent most of his leisure hours in the Tavern and turned out his brilliant copy in La Hiff's office. Walter Winchell and his family occupied one of the apartments La Hiff kept above the restaurant. Mayor Jimmy Walker, Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns were other tenants. At one time or another La Hiff was either host or landlord to most of the big names that hit town.

There was the time Mark Hellinger, seeking a story for his Sunday deadline, persuaded La Hiff to give out with the facts of his life. Billy reluctantly consented, began with the time he was a bartender at the old Waldorf-Astoria. His best customer, said Billy, was a famous gambler who one night appeared, greatly perturbed, and asked Billy to fill in for a missing croupier.

Billy accompanied the gambler to his gaming rooms and hastily learned how to spin the white pellet about the roulette bowl. He described in detail to Hellinger how the tide waxed and waned and waxed again during the evening and Hellinger, scribbling furiously and growing more excited by the minute, shouted: "This is the greatest story I ever had!"

At the end of an hour Billy came to the climax: "When the clientele had gone the gambler patted me on the back and said: 'Billy, now you can buy a place of your own. We've won over $40,000. I'm going to show you my appreciation.' He reached in his pocket and counted out forty $100 bills."

Billy stopped and stared into space. "What happened? What happened?" Hellinger asked feverishly. "Just then," said Billy, stretching and yawning, "the alarm clock went off and I woke up." Hellinger fled.

La Hiff once became interested in a red-haired girl named Peggy. He groomed her for the stage, financing her dramatic and dancing lessons and setting her and her mother up in a Long Island home. But Peggy yearned for Hollywood and after two years married a man who took her there. Six months later she wired Billy that she was through with married life, asking for fare to New York.

Billy quietly left the Tavern. When he returned, a friend who'd seen the wire asked him if he'd sent Peggy the train fare. Billy opened a package and displayed a pair of roller skates. He sent them to her.

There was the time the Rev. Francis Patrick Duffy, the "Father Duffy" so beloved by show folks, spotted four hoodlums at a table in the rear of the Tavern. He strode over and ordered them out. They refused to budge. Father Duffy collected the ends of the tablecloth, sweeping up food and silverware. It made a formidable weapon. He was just getting into action when the hoodlums made a dash to the safety of the street. The priest insisted on paying La Hiff the price of their meal.

Another time La Hiff learned that Margaret Quimby, who Jack Kearns loved dearly, had skipped off to Hollywood. Billy slyly inveigled Jack into a sizable bet on a golf match for the next day, then revealed the fact that his lady love had gone. Kearns went on a bender and in his cups boasted he could beat Billy drunk or sober.

The next morning a rocky Kearns and a confident La Hiff teed off. When they reached the first green there was a large picture of Margaret on an easel. Kearns laughed it off, but 11 holes later, after seeing Margaret's picture on every green, he threw his golf sticks in a lake and walked off the course.

Enrico Caruso once came to the Tavern, donned a chef's uniform and cooked a chicken and spaghetti dinner. Then the world's greatest tenor sang free of charge.

"Spooner's Corner," a section of the Tavern presided over by Jack Spooner, a waiter who insisted on ordering patrons' food himself, was La Hiff's big drawing card. Jim Farley, Doug Fairbanks, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett and many other greats would wait in line for a table there.

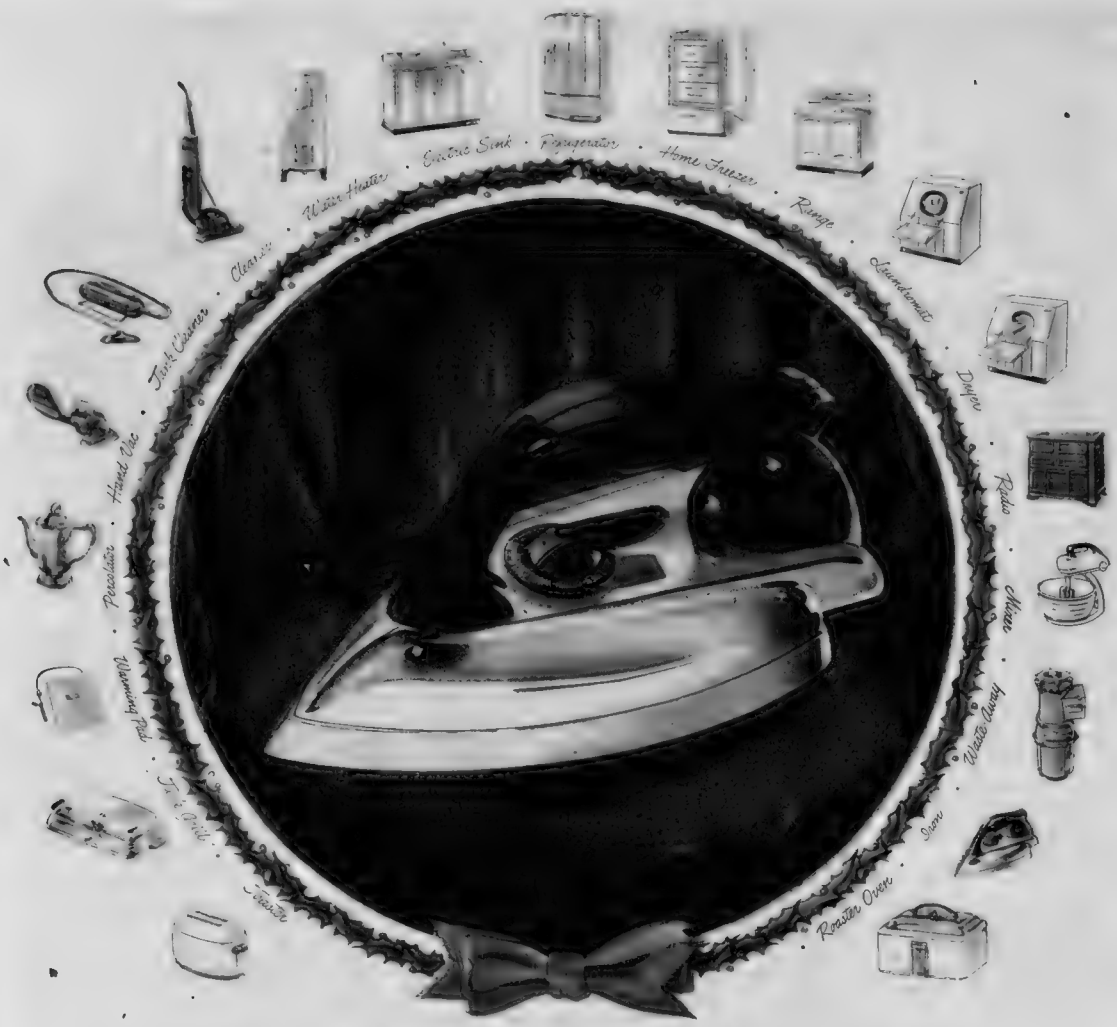
When touring vaudeville in America, the "Divine" Sarah Bernhardt banked her money with La Hiff. So did Joe Frisco. Billy was a ready "touch," and once financed Fred Perry, the famous gambler, and 45 of his employes back to New York from Cuba, where they'd gone broke.

More big business was carried on at the Tavern than around a corporation conference table. Movie companies were formed, careers planned and millions changed hands over Billy's good food.

Billy La Hiff is gone, but no true Broadwayite will ever forget him.

Illustrated by EMBALLEUR

"The Gambler Reached Into His Pocket and Counted Out Forty $100 Bills." Billy Stopped. "What Happened Then?" Mark Hellinger Asked Feverishly.



Give her... Three Pounds of Ironing Magic!

Give Her More Free Time ... Less Work ... and watch the stars in her eyes for years! These marvelous new Adjust-O-Matics reduce ironing fatigue 20% by actual test. Folks who've used this 3-pound Iron say, "Light as a feather! And what a job they do. Never knew ironing could be so easy." That's because of the perfect balance ... the plastic, fatigue-proof handle ... the new, fast-heating Corox unit in an aluminum alloy soleplate ... the perfect heat distribution over the entire ironing surface. There's a constant abundance of heat, too ... a Fabric Dial that gives foolproof control ... beveled point and edges that slither around buttons and slide into ruffles. Yes, these new Adjust-O-Matics are practical gifts any homemaker would love. See them, and the many other members of this famous family of appliances at your Westinghouse retailer's, now.

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ADJUST-O-MATIC
$10.95
Including Federal Tax

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Plants in 25 Cities • Offices Everywhere
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Every house needs Westinghouse

Maker of 30 MILLION Electric Home Appliances

TUNE IN *TED MALONE*
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
A B C NETWORK

Woman Hater's HEADACHE

England's No. 1 Anti-Feminist Is Having a Hard Time Explaining His Recent Marriage—And His Kitchen Duties

TWO curious reporters—a man and a woman—rang the doorbell at a London apartment.

"This is a wild-goose chase," muttered the man. "Fred Wormull wouldn't get married, even in secret. He's the president and founder of the Anti-Women's League."

"I hope it's true," said his companion. "After the things he's said about women, he'll be the laughing-stock of Britain."

The door opened to reveal a small, dapper man in shirtsleeves, wearing an apron and carrying a soggy dish towel.

"Mr. Wormull, we're from the press."

The effect on Wormull was startling. His face reddened, and he glared at the reporters suspiciously.

"I can't understand how it leaked out," he mumbled. "But come in. My wife's . . . er . . . out visiting, and I'll be with you as soon as I . . . uh . . . finish the supper dishes."

The grinning reporters trailed their embarrassed quarry into the kitchen. They could hardly believe their eyes. Here was England's most militant anti-feminist—the man who for 13 years had been loud in his cry that "women must be put in their places"—not only married, but doing the kitchen chores.

Back in 1934, Wormull, who is an accordionist, founded his Anti-Women's Society, complete with charter and a few-odd members.

The charter, framed by Wormull, contains the following barbed tidbits:

"We are: . . . a society out to keep women from encroaching too much upon men's rights . . . Women have the advantage of getting on by sex appeal . . . As the emancipation of women is an historical fact, we believe this crusade for men's rights will become a great historical movement.

"If men are compelled to fight to keep their country safe, they are entitled to run it . . . What happened to the happy family life we knew so well? Blame extreme feminism which is a repudiation of domestic ideals. Woman stands for nature, man for civilization."

Before the war, Wormull's group claimed 2,500 members. But the war broke it up completely. While the men were in service, women all over Britain demonstrated their value to the nation by taking over men's jobs and doing them well. But Wormull was undaunted. After his discharge from the Royal Artillery, he started the society again this year with 50 members, and now claims 300.

"I expect I'll be hearing from some of them, now that I've married Violet," he told the reporters. "I'll have the deuce of a time explaining, but, after all, some of our other members are married, and their wives are active in the society. Getting married isn't incompatible with keeping women out of men's jobs."

"But by doing the housework," he was asked, "aren't you abandoning your fundamental principle that women should stay home and do such work?"

Wormull managed a weak, if unconvincing, smile. "Well . . . er . . . you see, my wife, Violet, believes that housework should be on a 50-50 basis," he explained.

Despite his present embarrassing predicament, the newlywed president of the Anti-Women's Society plans to expand, rather than abandon, his group.

"We are most anxious to begin a branch in America," he says, "because we're sure it is needed even more over there, where women have more privileges than they do in Britain."

Reporters Found the Embarrassed Head of the Anti-Women's Society Washing Dishes for His New Bride.

STARTOONS by RALEIGH "903"

LINDA DARNELL STARRING IN "FOREVER AMBER"

20TH CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION, HAILS FROM TEXAS ... AND LINDA SAYS, "YOU BET WE TEXANS PICK THE BEST OF EVERYTHING! THAT'S WHY I CHOOSE THE NEW, RICHER YET MILDER RALEIGH '903'— MOISTURIZED TO CUT DOWN THROAT IRRITANTS!"

LINDA'S HOBBY — SCULPTING. ANOTHER HOBBY . . . COLLECTING CIGARETTE HOLDERS. "NATURALLY," SHE SAYS, "I SMOKE ONLY RALEIGH '903.' LIKE SO MANY, MANY OTHER HOLLYWOOD STARS, I WANT THE CIGARETTE THAT'S MOISTURIZED TO CUT DOWN THROAT IRRITANTS!"

LINDA WON THE LEAD IN "FOREVER AMBER" ONLY AFTER MANY STARS HAD BEEN TESTED. SHE PICKED RALEIGH "903," TOO, AFTER MANY TESTS. "BUT BELIEVE ME, I'M GLAD I CHOSE RALEIGHS! THE TASTE IS RICHER, YET THE SMOKE IS ACTUALLY MILDER!"

"IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME AS AN ACTRESS," SAYS LINDA, "TO KNOW THAT MOISTURIZING NOT ONLY GIVES ME A RICHER YET MILDER SMOKE— IT ACTUALLY CUTS DOWN THROAT IRRITANTS!"

"It's Moisturized" TO CUT DOWN THROAT IRRITANTS

That's why no other leading cigarette gives you less throat irritants

YES, the new Raleigh "903" is *moisturized* by the revolutionary new "903" process to cut down those throat-irritating tars present in even the finest tobaccos. That's why a jury of 14 distinguished doctors agrees: no other leading cigarette gives you *less throat irritants* than the new, *moisturized* Raleigh "903." Get Raleigh "903" today!

PLAIN OR TIPPED

Raleigh CIGARETTES

Letters to the Editor

WHEN our baby was about three weeks old, my husband and I read your article "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator." Right then and there we decided we were not going to let the newcomer to our household become a little dictator. Since the article made so much common sense, and took away a lot of the fears and superstitions connected with having a new baby around, we decided to put some faith in it.

As a result to quote our doctor, we have a "perfect specimen." She is one of the happiest, healthiest babies God ever created, and we are very proud of her. Thank you for printing such a down-to-earth article, and I certainly am going to recommend it as necessary reading for all my friends who are mothers-to-be.

Thanks also for putting out such an interesting magazine covering such a diversified field of subjects.

Mrs. E. N. Painter,
Naval Research Laboratory,
North Beach, Md.

Reprints of this article are available to readers who send a self-addressed stamped envelope.—Ed.)

* * *

In John Erskine's story about "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," he refers to Tess as a figure in English fiction. I, along with many other English people, believe she really lived. Near the very small town of Wool, near Dorchester, there is the farmhouse from which she is said to have fled. It has been kept up through the years and is quite a tourist attraction.

Tea and crumpets may be had in its ancient kitchen if you care to pay a little extra for the privilege. Is Thomas Hardy's novel of Tess only fiction, after all?

Olivia LeVan
Nazareth, Pa.

(Mr. Erskine, from his own knowledge and that of authoritative Hardy scholars, says that Hardy's novel is a work of fiction—though it may have been based on a bit of local gossip—Ed.)

* * *

We were very much appreciative of your recent article entitled "Blackie, the Good Luck Cat."

We follow the editorial contents of your great publication each week, because of the splendid articles concerning various animals and particularly cats. Please keep up the good work.

One Maryland Mother Gives The American Weekly Some of the Credit For Her Healthy, Happy Baby.

At the same time, we would like your permission to reprint the story of Blackie in our magazine. It is a must for those who own and love cats, and should be required reading for those who don't.

Charles A. Kenny,
Editor, Cats Magazine,
Utica, N. Y.

(Permission granted. Ed.)

* * *

I am teaching religion here at the University of Miami, and have found your series entitled "My Faith" most helpful. Would it be possible to send me the booklet of these articles?

W. H. McMaster
Coral Gables, Fla.

(A "My Faith" booklet has been sent to Teacher McMaster.—Ed

* * *

One of my hobbies is collecting stories of ball players, and I thought your recent article on "Walter Johnson—Salesman for the Golden Rule" was very good.

G. D. Pittman,
Hazel Park, Mich.

* * *

I noticed in one of your recent issues where Mrs. Adele Kungie of Chicago states she has been reading The American Weekly since 1921.

I can go her one better than that. We have been reading The American Weekly since July, 1911 that's 36 years.

We enjoy every page of your magazine and buy it as soon as it comes on the newsstand.

Mrs. Cooper,
Duluth, Minn.

* * *

Like many of my fellow Texans who read your recent "Bats in His Belfry" story about the English pastor who conducted a bat hunt to rid his church of these animals, I felt you should know that here in Texas we wouldn't do what the minister and some of his parishioners did.

We recognize bats as one of our most important animal allies in the war on malaria mosquitoes. They have never been known to harm anyone except in fiction.

Bats are protected in Texas by state law, with a $200 fine for maliciously injuring or killing them. They are also cultivated here in caves and artificially constructed roosts. Such measures have made San Antonio a mosquito-free metropolis.

Paul D. Gilbert,
San Antonio, Texas

* * *

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Feeding the Multitude

SOME 20 years ago the eminent American artist, Dean Cornwell, began a large canvas portraying one of the miracles of Jesus. Today, because of its particular significance for our time, Cornwell rates it as, perhaps, his favorite work.

The painting shows one of the two miracles reported in all four Gospels of the New Testament—the miracle of the loaves and fishes, when Christ fed 5,000 hungry pilgrims from a young boy's meager lunch. The weary Saviour; the tired, awe-struck pilgrims; the humility of the boy with his wonderful offering these are the details of the miracle which Cornwell has mysterfully dramatized in his picture.

This painting is reproduced in full color in next week's issue of The American Weekly and is accompanied by Dean Cornwell's own moving story of the miracle.

* * *

A NATION-WIDE survey among radio disc jockeys recently revealed that the most popular love song heard on the air during the past few years has been an 18-year-old tune, "Body and Soul." Johnny Green, who wrote the music, has made $30,000 from the composition.

Yet, few people realize that Johnny once held the tune so lightly that he handed it over to Gertrude Lawrence, the English stage star, as security for a $250 loan, and tossed in three other songs. How "Body and Soul" became a hit on two continents, is told in next week's article, "Two Friends and a Song."

So Attractive!
IN APPEARANCE, SIZE AND PRICE
BOND
SUPER-POWER
59¢
FOR VEST POCKET or PURSE . . . a little Chrome-plated brass gem. Stays on or flashes. Translucent head. 1-Cell.
$1.50
Solid Brass with gleaming chrome-plated finish. 2-Cell Fixt-Focus Spotlite. Ruby translucent lens-ring.
DATED HERE
For any equipment using standard flashlight batteries, always use BOND Super-Power batteries . . . they're fresh every one dated.
BOND Super-Power flashlights are as streamlined, dependable and practical as anything you can own. You'll want one always right where it's handy. 7 new post-war designs. Style shown above . . . highly polished solid 22-K Copper 2-Cell Fixt-Focus spotlite. Lock-on and off switch. Only $1.15 *complete.* You'll want more than one. For complete display see your BOND dealer. Bond Electric Corp., New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.
DIVISION OF OLIN
ALL PRICES INCLUDE BOND SUPER-POWER BATTERIES
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FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES
SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER

• You'll feel like a king when you slip a Star Single or Double Edge Blade into your razor. For a royal shave every morning, start using Star *tomorrow!* You'll agree the only blade as good as a Star is another Star!

4 for 10¢
also 25¢ packs
Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Thrill to the Tone and Beauty of this NEW WURLITZER!

Next time you are out for fun and refreshments, go where you can play this brilliant new Wurlitzer Model 1100, now making its tuneful debut all over America. Never before have you seen or heard a coin-operated phonograph with so many fun-producing features. Light, color, action! Sensational, moving, ever-changing illumination! Majestic tone that can be regulated to the sound level most pleasing to your taste.

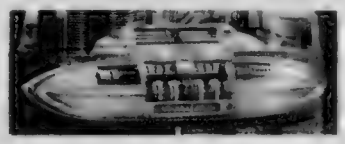
Musical Fun for Everyone

The Sign of the Musical Note identifies places where you can have fun playing a Wurlitzer.

IF YOU SERVE FOOD AND REFRESHMENTS TO THE PUBLIC...*get in touch with your nearest Wurlitzer Music Merchant, or use the coupon and we will tell you how you can provide one of these new Wurlitzers for the entertainment of your customers.* ★★★ *See Phonograph Section of Classified Telephone Directory for names of Wurlitzer Music Merchants.*

WATCH IT IN ACTION

Its panoramic Sky-Top turret window gives you a ringside seat. See the records change and watch Zenith's Cobra Tone Arm play them. This sensational new tone arm eliminates record surface noise—enhances Wurlitzer's famous tone. The music sounds as though the entertainers were right in the room with you.



NEW *Encore* PROGRAM SELECTOR ...is faster, easier—more fun. It rotates 24 popular record titles into view in 3 easy-to-see programs of 8 great tunes each.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER COMPANY
Dept. A, North Tonawanda, New York

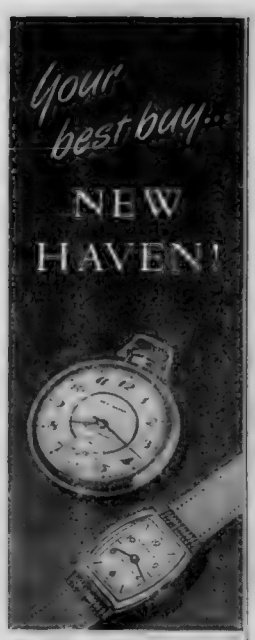
Please tell me how I can provide a new Model 1100 Wurlitzer for the entertainment of my customers.

FIRM NAME

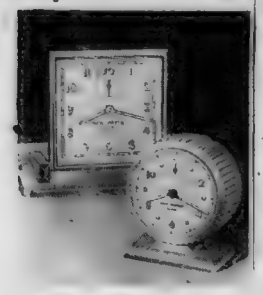
ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZONE

TYPE OF BUSINESS



New Haven Wrist and Pocket Watches are traditional good values — wonderful all-purpose timepieces, with exclusive Vital Nerve Center®. *Pocket Watch* — sturdy, dependable, nickel-plated —$2.50 plus tax. *Wrist Watch* — smart, rugged, top in beautiful color of natural gold, stainless steel back; jeweled movement — $9.50 plus tax.



New Haven's Exquisite Alarm Clocks have 30-hour spring-wind movements, exclusive Vital Nerve Center®, luminous dials. *New Haven "Ideal" Alarm Clock* (upper) has gold finish; single key winds clock and alarm—$7.50 plus tax. *New Haven "Halo" Alarm Clock* (lower) in beautiful ivory and gold finish—$7.95 plus tax.

New Haven Exclusive! THE "VITAL NERVE CENTER

The famous New Haven compensating hair spring which makes New Haven watches and clocks keep better time through wide variations in temperature which affect ordinary steel hair springs. No other watch or clock in low price field can offer this remarkable compensating hair spring: it is a patented exclusive New Haven feature. Result: New Haven clocks and watches are more accurate, day in, day out.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK AND WATCH COMPANY

THE RIGHT TIME SINCE 1847

NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW

When Eugene Wilson, the 17-year-old Oakland, Calif., store manager, who has one part-time and four full-time employees under him, was in a class all by himself. But unusual as this teen-ager is, we are happy to report that there are others like him.

Richard Wagner, at 19 years of age, is vice-president and general manager of the Thomasville, Ga., Baseball Company. His duties include the handling of all general business details of the firm — particularly the directing of operations for the club's 70 home games.

A native of Nebraska, Dick started with the Thomasville Baseball Company in February 1947, two weeks after his discharge from the U. S. Naval Reserve.

Dick did newspaper work when he was a student at Central City, Nebraska, High School. At 16, he was baseball coach at Hordville, Neb., High School, and a registered referee.

Probably the youngest full-time baseball executive in the country, Dick's success secret is a willingness to work and a determination to learn all he can about every job he tackles.

Eighteen-year-old **Clarice Tomasello** of Oakland, Calif., has her own shop, which she calls "The Tots' Corner." She sells baby furniture, infants' wear and toys, and handles every detail of the business herself.

One 18-Year-Old Girl in Oakland, Calif., Owns and Operates Her Own Successful Shop for Tots.

She started the store with money she earned during summer vacations and which she invested in a stock that obligingly went up. She went to college for two years but quit the campus to found her own business.

She thinks her success is due to her policy of selling only articles that she would want for a child of her own and of keeping her prices as low as possible.

We also heard from 16-year-old **Mary Elizabeth Paganelli**, who opened a fruit and candy store in Yakima, Wash., during her summer vacation. She worked from eight in the morning until nine at night seven days a week — and made money. Mary thinks she did all right because she likes people, and they seem to like her.

Sammy Fanar, of Buffalo, N. Y., saved the money he earned selling magazine subscriptions, and bought an accordion. He learned to play the instrument and organized an orchestra. With the money he made playing at weddings and parties he bought more accordions to sell. He's a successful business man, although he's still in high school.

Let's have the success stories of some other ambitious boys and girls. Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York City.

The Stigma Is Lifted From the 4-Fs

(Continued from Page 19.)

British called "static" duty at a home base. For work in a theatre of WAR their rating must move up to a higher standard—to 3333324.

In a combat area these same specialists must have a still higher rating — a minimum of 2222121.

This increasingly higher standard as the worker moves nearer to the fighting is understandable, for personnel seriously impaired physically are a major burden in a fighting zone where they would have to work under hazardous and often makeshift conditions.

So run the job classifications in every possible task in the army from accountants to tailors and from butchers to plumbers. There is an army job for almost everyone. For women—under the Pulheems system there are all manner of special tasks, too.

Stenographers, typists, dental assistants, parachute packers and so on down to charwomen.

There will be a few persons who are too physically handicapped or emotionally unstable for any army service, of course. They will be screened out before they enter the service.

Screening at induction centers, when based on psychiatric testing, is still a most uncertain art because of the great difficulty of foretelling just when, and how, and where any given individual might break down under stress.

The reports of an army psychiatrist, John A. Ait., M.D. at Fort Snelling, one of the great induction centers of the Midwest, prove the point.

Dr. Aita decided to see if his psychiatric screening really could predict successful and poor army personnel. In a special study in 1941 he selected 500 men (out of the tens of thousands he examined) and broke them into two groups of 250 men each. One group his tests predicted would be highly successful as soldiers.

The other group were predictable as very poor soldier material. In fact he "loaded" the latter group with a few men whom he normally would have kept out of the army as flat failures.

IN 1946, after the war ended, Dr. Aita checked the army records of his 500 men and set up his standards of what constituted failure and success in army life.

Failures, he decided, would be those men who were rapidly dismissed from the army for psychiatric reasons, or those men who had multiple disciplinary problems even though they remained in the army.

Successful soldiers, Dr. Aida decided, would be those men who were in the army for four years, had at least two years of oversea duty, had a minimum of disciplinary action, no hospital care except for wounds or diseases present in their theatre of war, were sergeants or corporals, had three battle stars and individual or unit citations. Success by Dr. Aida standards came only the hard way.

By his psychiatric testing Dr. Aida was an excellent forecaster of successful soldiers. In that group 68.6 per cent were successful; 26.6 per cent were average, and there were only 4.7 per cent of failures.

But the big blow to psychiatric screening came in Dr. Aita's attempts to forecast failures. Some 29.9 per cent of his "failures" turned out to be most successful soldiers; 49.3 per cent were average. Only 20.8 per cent really were failures.

Of his own studies Dr. Aida concluded:

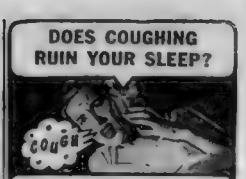
"Given 1,000 men, inducted into the army as questionable material in 1941, some 208 would be failures. Of the 1,000 men predicted to be successful, some 49 would fail. Yet such predictability is of little value, for these studies indicate that had 1,000 questionable risks been rejected, the army would have been denied 493 average soldiers and 299 successful soldiers whose performance was outstanding."

In a word—what price psychiatric screening if it throws away 792 useful soldiers out of every 1,000 men?

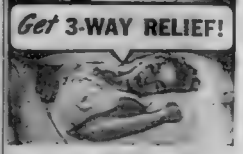
Studies like Dr. Aita's should give hope and courage to the thousands of men in the nation who were tagged as neuropsychiatrics and given the stigma of the NP label.

These men should realize psychiatry is not yet an exact science and that about 80 per cent of them can return to civilian lives. They did it before they went in the army. They can do it again.

DOES COUGHING RUIN YOUR SLEEP?



Get 3-WAY RELIEF!



SIMPLE NIGHT-TIME PLAN RELIEVES THOUSANDS

Many get to sleep easier by putting this cough drop in mouth at bedtime, keeping Smith Brothers box at bedside. Ingredients long used by doctors help coughs due to colds 3 big ways

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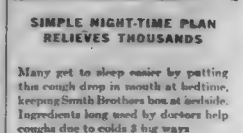
2. Soothe dry membranes
3. Help loosen phlegm

STILL ONLY 5¢



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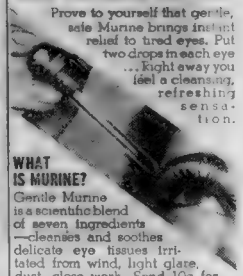
Prove to yourself that gentle, safe Murine brings instant relief to tired eyes. Put two drops in each eye ... Right away you feel a cleansing, refreshing sensation.



WHAT IS MURINE?

Gentle Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients —cleanses and soothes delicate eye tissues irritated from wind, light glare, dust, close work. Send 10c for pocket size sample bottle. Address: Dept. C-4, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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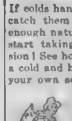
If colds hang on, or you catch them often, maybe you don't get enough natural A&D Vitamin food. Then start taking good-tasting Scott's Emulsion! See how promptly it helps break up a cold and helps build you up, so you feel your own self again! Scott's is a HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC—rich in natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Economical. Buy today at your drug store.



MORE than just a tonic— it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

See the cookie recipes on the Almanac page in this issue.

1 WASHES WHITE CLOTHES WHITER THAN BRAND NEW*
2 WASHABLE COLORS LOOK BRIGHTER THAN BRAND NEW*
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New Rinso is another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

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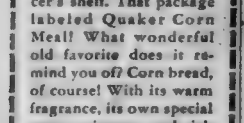
Right there—on your grocer's shelf. That package labeled Quaker Corn Meal! What wonderful old favorite does it remind you of? Corn bread, of course! With its warm fragrance, its own special crusty crispness and rich corn flavor. How about it now—don't you think your family would like this treat more often? The famous Quaker Corn Bread recipe is right on the package—ready to turn even a simple meal into a feast *thriftily!*



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For the best corn bread, *always* get the best corn meal. Only choice, water-washed corn is milled into Quaker Corn Meal (yellow or white). It's "spoil-proof"—packed in stay-fresh packages, too. Get Quaker Corn Meal soon.

EVERY KERNEL WATER-WASHED FOR PURITY!

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CORN MEAL

(YELLOW OR WHITE)

Cookies Plain Or Decorated Make Nice Holiday Gifts.

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

Fill the Cookie Jar

ADD an extra bit of good cheer to the coming Christmas holiday season by providing a well filled jar of cookies for folks to nibble on. Here's a collection of unusually fine recipes from which to choose. Any one will make your cookie jar a center of attraction for visitors and youngsters.

The pfeffernuesse and springerle are a must for the holiday time. They are slow to make because they must stand overnight before baking. The sandies can be chilled or not just as time permits. Sand Tarts and Lady Fingers are better made with a pastry bag to get the proper thickness.

For color and decoration the Holly Wreath Cookies and Christmas Cherries are very pretty on the holiday eve supper table.

Pfeffernuesse

4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. powdered cloves
1 tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. black pepper
1 tbsp. crushed cardamon seeds
1 tsp. anise seeds
¼ lb. candied orange peel
½ lb. citron
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
2½ cups powdered sugar
5 eggs, separated
1½ tsps. grated lemon rind
About 3 tbsps. milk
1½ cups confectioner's sugar

Mix and sift first seven ingredients, stir in seeds, orange peel and citron which have been put through coarse blade of food chopper. Work butter until creamy. Add powdered sugar. Add well-beaten egg yolks and lemon rind, beat thoroughly. Gradually blend in flour-fruit mixture; add stiffly beaten egg whites, blend well. Chill 1 hr., then shape in small balls. Place on waxed paper and let stand, uncovered, overnight at room temperature. In the morning, brush balls with sugar icing made by stirring milk into confectioner's sugar. Place on ungreased cookie sheets, and bake at 350° F. for 15 min. or until done. Makes 90 cookies.

Springerle

4 eggs
1 lb. powdered sugar
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
4½ cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. baking powder
Anise seeds

Beat eggs until light. Stir in sugar, and beat until well mixed. Add lemon rind and flour, which has been sifted with baking powder, and mix well. Chill until easy to handle; then roll out to ¼" thickness on a floured board and cut into fancy shapes. Grease cookie sheets, and sprinkle with anise seeds. Arrange cookies on the sheets, and leave exposed to the air overnight. Bake at 350° F. for 30 min. When cool, store in a covered jar for two weeks before serving. Makes 41.

Sandies

6 tbsps. shortening
2½ tbsps. confectioner's sugar
1 cup sifted cake flour
½ tsp. ice water
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring
¼ cup powdered sugar

Cream shortening and confectioners' sugar until light. Add flour, ice water, walnuts, and vanilla, and mix well. Cover and chill about 2 hrs. in refrigerator. Shape into rolls 1" long by ¼" wide and place on greased cookie sheets. Bake 300° F. for 35 min., or until lightly browned. Remove and shake in a bag with the powdered sugar. Makes 20 cookies. Or the dough may be dropped from a teaspoon onto greased cookie sheets without chilling, a walnut half pressed on top, and baked.

Sand Tarts

1 egg, well beaten
⅔ cup sugar
½ cup blanched almonds, ground
4 or 5 unblanched almonds, ground
⅔ cup butter or margarine
2¾ cups sifted cake flour

Combine egg, sugar, and almonds. Work butter until creamy, then combine with the nut mixture and mix well. Add flour and mix well. Press through a cookie press onto ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 375° F. 15 min. Makes 64.

Lady Fingers

3 egg whites
⅓ cup powdered sugar
2 egg yolks
⅓ cup sifted flour
⅛ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring

Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add sugar gradually, while beating until mixture stands up in peaks. Fold in egg yolks, which have been beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Then fold in flour and salt sifted together. Stir in vanilla. Using a pastry bag with a plain hole tube, shape dough into strips 1" wide and 4½" long on a cookie sheet covered with parchment paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, bake at 350° F. for 12 min., or until lightly browned. Cool slightly, then remove with a spatula. Makes 20.

Holly Wreath Cookies

¾ cup granulated sugar
½ cup melted shortening
2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
2 cups sifted flour
2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Blend sugar well with shortening. Stir in beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; add to shortening mixture gradually mixing well. Chill. Then turn onto lightly floured board. Roll to 1-16" thickness, cut with floured doughnut cutter. Place on a greased baking sheet, 2" apart. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and cinnamon. Bake at 375° F. for 10-12 min. Mix 1 cup confectioners' sugar with 3 tbsps. warm water. Spread on each cookie, then sprinkle with minced pistachio nuts. Place red cinnamon candies in clusters of 3 on them. Or before baking, brush with egg white, slightly beaten; then arrange tiny pieces of candies, cherries and citron to resemble holly. Makes 2 doz.

Christmas Cherries

½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
1 egg, separated
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
1½ tsp. grated lemon rind
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup sifted cake flour
¾ cup chopped walnuts
6 candied cherries

Cream shortening and sugar until light. Add the beaten egg yolk, and next 4 ingredients, mix well. Add flour and mix well; wrap in waxed paper and chill for several hours in refrigerator. Roll into small balls ½" in diameter; roll in the egg white slightly beaten, then in the walnut meats. Place on greased cookie sheets and press a small piece of cherry on each. Bake at 350° F. for 20 min. Makes 33 cookies.

Coconut Thinsies

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well-beaten
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring
½ tsp. salt
2 tsps. baking powder
2½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups shredded coconut

Cream shortening and sugar until light. Add eggs, and vanilla. Sift together the dry ingredients, add with the coconut to sugar mixture. Mix well; then chill for 1 hr. Form the dough into 34 balls 1" in diameter. Place on greased cookie sheets several inches apart. Press each into a flat cookie 2¾" with the bottom of a tumbler which is covered with cheesecloth. Bake 12 min. at 375° F.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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☐ (61) Famous Recipes
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☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
☐ (67) Waffles Tonight
☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
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☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
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☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
☐ (92) New Cookies
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Dear Sally Young:

"WHAT causes split hair ends and what can be done about them?" asks L. H. of Philadelphia.

ANSWER: There may be any number of causes for the split hair ends. It is possible your permanent may have caused the ends to split, especially if the hair was stretched or over-processed. Shampooing the hair with strong soap may have something to do with it, too. Or, if you dampen your hair daily to set it, using curlers unskillfully—that will tend to split the ends. If you use curlers, make sure you start rolling the hair way down at the very tip of the strand.

The remedy for split ends is to clip them off and start over. Lubricating the ends with hair cream or pomade and oil treatments are good ideas. Before curling your hair, touch the ends with a hair pomade.

* * *

"What's a good exercise for trimming the upper arm?" asks Mrs. M. V. of Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWER: Lie on the floor. Place your fingertips on your shoulders, elbows toward the ceiling. Now "spank" the upper arm against the floor

* * *

Mrs. A. K. of New Castle, Pa., writes: "I have a large [illegible] and would like to know how to [illegible] make it look smaller."

ANSWER: Cover your lips with make-up, using either a heavy foundation lotion or cake make-up. Then, with a brush or one of the new lip pencils, draw narrower lip line.

* * *

"My complexion has been worrying me. Little bumps have appeared on my forehead and cheeks. A skin specialist has prescribed a skin peeling process. But this leaves my skin very chapped. Could I use a complexion wash to help get rid of dead skin?" asks S. Z. of Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWER: I don't believe you should use a friction wash at this time. Since you are under a specialist's care, you should consult him or some other competent medical man. Do not try to doctor yourself.

MY GOODNESS . . . SUCH GOODNESS

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FREE RECIPES
Send for colorful booklet with recipes for desserts, tea-time goodies, and icings.
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Add an extra bit of good cheer to the coming Christmas holiday season by providing a well-filled jar of cookies for folks to nibble on. There's an unusually fine collection of cookie recipes on the Household Almanac page in this issue.

Have you seen the improved 1948
FLINT CAN OPENER?

Can't Wobble Because Rigid Die Cast
New "Comet Tail" Drive Gear—Faster, Easier
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FLINT IS FAST, SAFE, DURABLE
BECAUSE PRECISION MADE

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The Flint Can Opener is a great improvement over these old style "wall wobblers."

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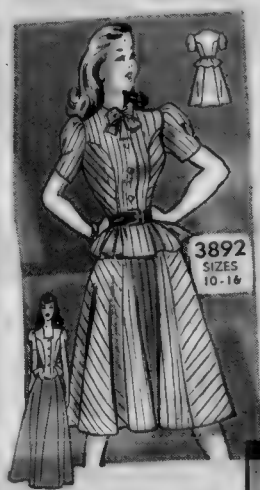
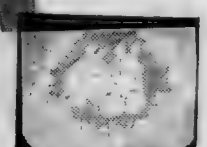


3892—Teen-age flattery! This pepium frock can be made long or short—with a keyhole or square neckline. Sizes 10-16. Size 12, 6¼ yards of 39-inch material.

3893—Embroidered overblouse that fits at the waist and flares into a peplum. Transfer for embroidery included. Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16, 2⅝ yds. 39-inch fabric.



3160—Dress up your room with this favorite filet crochet chair set. Make scarf ends, too. Pattern has directions and charts.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 296, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York.

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Doris Denison's column in this issue tells you how to make some very unusual wrappings for your Christmas gift packages.

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That's the million dollar question, Mrs. Withers, if you like to "feel like a million". An *aperient* is the medical term for a gentle laxative such as **KRUSCHEN.** An unique blend of saline minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs, Kruschen is a world-famous aperient for four good reasons: **EASY TO TAKE** — Dissolves quickly in cool water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.
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Your WASP Waist

By Sally Young

PROBABLY the most important feature of your New Year's evening gown is the "wasp-waist." How does it fit? Too snug?

By a method called RELAXERCISING (which means just what it says: relax as you exercise) the wasp-waist can be achieved, if the following exercises are done 3 minutes each day from now until New Year's Eve.

Nothing dull about any of this either, because it's set to music and gives play to the imagination. It's fun to stream-line your figure when you use Musical Therapy.

"And it's not necessary to do a variety of exercises, but rather patience in sticking to one, that will reap most benefits," says a well-known musical therapist at Columbia Medical Center in New York.

CHOOSE one of the following which appeals to your imagination. Find appropriate music as suggested. Stand in front of a mirror. Wear anything that shows your bare mid-riff. Are you ready? Let's begin.

1. "Picking apples." Try doing this to rhumba music. Imagine reaching for the last apple on the highest branch of the tree. Raise the right arm. Pull the right ribs up-and-out as far as you can. Pick the apple. Good. Now, drop the arm and the ribs. Raise the left arm and ribs. Drop. Alternate from right to left. You may not be able to do it more than ten times at first. Gradually, you will be able to increase it to 20 times. All, in all, it should not take more than three minutes a day...use your imagination, and really pick the apple!

2. "Champagne glass." Use waltz music such as Strauss. Put hands behind head, elbows back. Imagine yourself a champagne glass, legs and body the stem, head and arms the top. "Fill up"—pull up ribs—then "spill over"—bend right from waist. Repeat, alternating to right and left, three minutes a day.

3. "Tree." Imagine that you are a tree. Your legs being the roots, firmly planted in the ground, so that you cannot move. Stretch arms sideways, they are the branches. To some very slow music, such as Debussy's "Claire de Lune," twist the trunk and branches to the right back, following your fingertips with your eyes. Then slowly, as if a gentle wind was blowing, twist the opposite way, to the left back. Repeat this twist, stressing the lift and twist of the waist.

One vital point in RELAXERCISING: Always make that little extra effort.

The combination of music ...imagination...and the specific exercise for YOU, plus that little extra effort, will produce the wasp-waist for New Year's Eve.

So start RELAXERCISING now!

GRACEFUL posture, feminine fashions, fabulous fabrics, delicate make-up, lady-like fingertips, and—well, naturally—soft, romantic perfumes all go together. And the lovely new perfumes that have come out recently fit into the relaxed picture perfectly. Blithe fragrances, these, to add to your poise. By all means lose the perfume psychology that was intended to "knock him dead!"

Just be frankly feminine.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
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- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
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- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You

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that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty"
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Quick MENTHOLATUM soothe tender lip skin, quickly revive dried out "thirsty" skin cells, help them retain needed moisture. Soon smarting pain leaves, your lips feel softer, smoother—you smile again. Get soothing Mentholatum today—and always keep it handy.

● When biting raw winds cut lips, leave them dry and cracked and so painful it even hurts to smile—quick! call for soothing Mentholatum, containing comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. These two famous fast-acting ingredients gently help

ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS, CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS, NASAL IRRITATION

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This means . . . no other wine can equal ROMA in luxury quality at such low cost!
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A gift of ROMA California Port . . . or any ROMA Wine . . . is a sure way to make a hit at any time. Rich, full-bodied, clear as a bell, ROMA Port adds warmth to your good wishes . . . or to your welcome when friends drop in. Serve ruby-red ROMA Port with dessert . . . with fruit, nuts, cheese or any tasty snack!
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ROMA DESSERT WINES . . . California Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Tokay, Delicious . . . inexpensive . . . America's favorites for friendly entertaining . . . for everyday enjoyment!
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NOT 1 BUT 4

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WORKS FINE

BECAUSE IT'S ASPIRIN AT ITS BEST

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St. Joseph ASPIRIN 12 TABLETS STILL ONLY 10¢

'TOO Pretty to Open!'

By Doris Denison

BIG red satin bows, tiny little green bows, shining gold paper, bright silver seals, shy pink angels, bells on a string—all mean Christmas, all belong on the gayest and prettiest packages you can dream up this year. Shower them around

the tree; stuff them in stockings; let them be an important part of your Christmas decorations.

Don't be afraid to use unusual color schemes. Of course, you will always want red and green, and silver and gold, but for a change do up a bottle of perfume with purple paper and fuchsia ribbon, or black shiny paper with white ribbon, or chartreuse paper with green ribbon and a dash of red holly tucked in the bow.

Bows

FOR a nicely shaped bow with several loops, start with a length of ribbon and shape the loops ones at a time, giving a twist to the

ribbon each time a loop is completed. This keeps the right side of the ribbon up and makes a round full bow.

Flat tailored bows can be made by folding the ribbon in a double loop and placing a piece of the same ribbon around the center, turning the edges under and pasting down flat, as shown in the sketch immediately above.

Tie little bunches of holly, pine cones, Christmas bells, or small toys into the bows.

Unusual Shapes

INSTEAD of wrapping up a large round hatbox, cover the box itself. It can then be used later for hats or as a closet accessory box.

Wrap a cylindrical box with crepe paper, pulling it flat over top and bottom. Make a cellophane ruffle to go around the top. This is done by gathering a piece of cellophane and folding it over a piece of thin wire, as shown in the picture. Wind a piece of tinsel above the ruffle, and fasten a large bow on top of the box with a straight pin.

You do not need to use much ribbon on a long narrow box. Don't tie any ribbon lengthwise. Instead,

wrap ribbon twice around each end and finish off with a ribbon rosette.

Lace Paper

LACE paper doilies can be used in a number of attractive ways. Wrap a small package in plain red paper. Then wrap it in a paper doily which has an all-over lacy pattern. Tie with narrow satin ribbon.

Pinch a very small lace doily in the center so that it forms a rosette. Fasten a ribbon bow or pine cone in the center and fasten at joining point of ribbon on package. You can do a more effective job if you tie ribbon on the box first, make the bow separately and fasten it on last.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
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- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

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- Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that nearly 9 out of 10 gained relief with Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.
- *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation. Like taking a heating pad to work with you.
- *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax. Pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.
- Save days of agony. Keep plasters on hand. The next time you feel a backache starting—slap one on right away! Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. At all drug stores.

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FOR EASY CARE!

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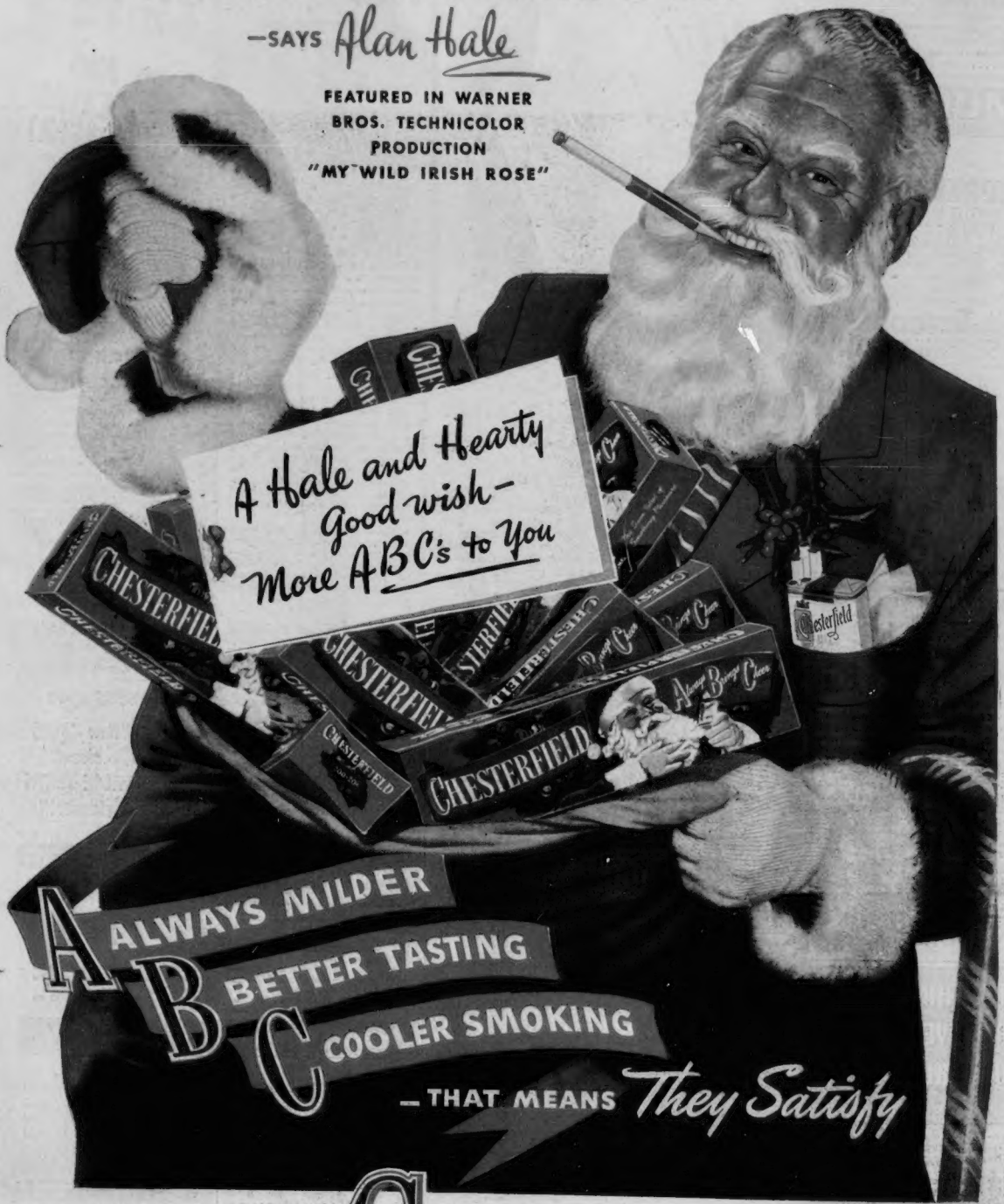
Do you know that women readers have ordered over a million patterns from The American Weekly this year? This popular feature, which appears in every issue, tells women how to make the smartest and newest fashions. In this issue the pattern feature shows two delightful fashions that are so easy to make.

CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—

THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

FEATURED IN WARNER BROS. TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "MY WILD IRISH ROSE"



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